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HOME.

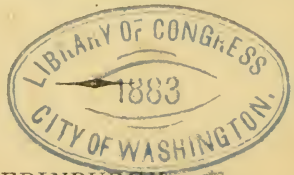
A

POEM.

THE SECOND EDITION.

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

O quid solutis est beatius curis!
Cùm mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Desideratóque acquiescimus lecto. CATULL.



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PREFACE.

It is said, that Democritus excluded all but the insane from the fountain of Helicon. Perhaps he only intended to intimate the imprudence of embarking in the unproductive pursuits of poetry; but he has been sometimes literally understood. Horace informs us, that in his time there were men, who founded a claim to poetical distinction on extravagance of behaviour, and the 'tribus Anticyris caput insanabile;' and the mistake has not been confined to the age of Augustus.

Such an error does not require refutation; since he who can adopt it, must be beyond the reach of argument. But it may not be superfluous to combat another, more plausible, and therefore more dangerous, which tends to depreciate the poetical character.

Men are too apt to regard that as characteristic of the species which is peculiar to one or a few individuals. Some poets have displayed, with a powerful fancy, a weak understanding: they have been eccentric, capricious, averse from exertion, improvident, or the slaves of ungovernable passions. Injudicious or prejudiced observers have therefore concluded, that some one, or all of these imperfections, belong to every poet without distinction. In the estimation of some, a poet is a wayward being, who neither thinks nor acts like a man of sense. With others, he is a mere idler, filling up a place in the creation which might be much better supplied by useful personages like themselves. And, by the bulk of mankind, poetry and poverty are held to be linked in an indissoluble union.

These notions produce unfortunate effects. On the one hand, they often lessen the estimation in which men of genius deserve to be held. Mankind are very apt to embrace opinions which, by sinking talents below their proper level, gratify that envy with which they cannot at times fail to regard them. On the other hand, these misconceptions have a

tendency to produce effects, from which they derive plausibility. A young man of lively parts, and warm passions, but whose reason might, by due exertion, preserve the mastery over them, is tempted to yield to these passions, in order to shew that he is not a dunce, till by habits of indulgence, they become uncontroulable. All of us, perhaps, are liable to caprice, but every prudent man will check this wayward propensity, in its first approaches, as not only injurious to character, but destructive of happiness. Yet, in yielding to it, there is certainly a kind of gratification; and should it be held to be a necessary adjunct of quick feelings and a lively imagination, there is danger of its indulgence, till the unhappy being, enslaved by it, becomes a torment to himself, and every one connected with him. Nor has the notion of the alliance between improvidence and poetry been without its effects. It has not only kept, but made, men poor, who might otherwise have acquired, not wealth, which a wise man will rarely be solicitous to acquire, because it is rarely a blessing, but competence, which is one of the most desirable of blessings.

To me, it appears, that every aberration from the path of good sense, indicates a deficiency of at least one of those powers which are necessary to poetical excellence. Among the many judicious observations of the great master of the Art of Poetry, one is distinguished, in my estimation, by its superior wisdom; 'Scribendi recte, SAPERE est et principium et fons.' This is a truth which should be impressed on the mind of every author. He ought to be persuaded, that although by eccentricity or novelty, a transient reputation may be obtained, yet, without justness of understanding, he can scarcely hope, and certainly does not deserve, to acquire that permanent distinction, which alone is worthy of his pursuit. He should constantly remember, that, according to the flat, but not unfaithful translation of Roscommon, '*Sound judgment* is the ground of writing well.'

I DO not mean, that it is the only requisite. Other qualities are necessary to form a poet; but still it is indispensable to excellence in poetry, as well as in every other literary pursuit. A vivid

imagination, and acute feelings, without any controul from judgment, are evidently madness. If judgment be united to them, they become genius, more or less perfect, according to the degree of understanding with which they are combined. When a poet possesses only a slight degree of judgment, then the observation of Dryden, that 'wit to madness nearly is allied,' becomes quite applicable. His productions will be sometimes strikingly beautiful or sublime, but more frequently unnatural or absurd. He, in my estimation, would be a perfect poet, who should unite to the most powerful imagination, and the most exquisite feeling, the highest degree of judgment. These qualities mutually aid each other. Judgment prevents the imagination from expending itself in useless efforts, or exciting ridicule by preposterous combinations. And to feeling, it acts the part of a faithful guide, saving it from many a false step, and many a hurtful deviation.

But if a man be possessed of a sound understanding, it is not in poetical composition alone that it

will be displayed. It is not a quality which, like a boaster's valour, 'comes and goes,' but, if justice be done to it, will steadily influence the whole conduct of its possessor. He who in his writings shews the talents of a distinguished poet, will in general display in his actions the conduct of a wise man.

If men were convinced that good sense is as necessary to poetical excellence as any other mental quality, this opinion could not fail to have a salutary influence on the conduct of those who desire to be distinguished as poets. They would shun the reproach of imprudence, as much as of dulness. Satisfied that disorderly passions, caprice and improvidence, are not *proofs* of genius, but the *faults* by which it is sometimes accompanied, they would be solicitous to acquire the reputation of wise men, as well as of excellent writers. They would be—not capricious, because they respect themselves, and regard the happiness of others,—not the slaves of passion, because its immoderate indulgence leads to vice and misery,—not improvident, because impro-

vidence is the parent of meanness, and the foe of independence.

It appears to me not difficult to explain why some poets, distinguished by their talents, have been as distinguished by their imprudence. In the writings of some, we shall perceive a deficiency of judgment, which, though they display great imagination, lessens their value. And, though others be more perfect, yet the judgment of their authors has perhaps been perverted by those false notions which I have attempted to refute. They exerted their judgment in their writings, where they felt it to be indispensable; but they disregarded its dictates in their lives, in consequence of an error in their poetical creed.

Were juster opinions entertained on this subject, the mutual contempt which the followers of the muses, and the cultivators of the useful arts and sciences, too often feel for each other, would be, if not extinguished, greatly abated. If the latter were convinced that good sense, the quality on which they peculiarly value themselves, is not less requisite to the excellent productions of the poet than to the proper conduct

of the man, they would form a more exalted opinion of the poetical character. By the establishment of an amicable intercourse between poets and men of business and science, both of them would be gainers by the treaty. The Parnassian mountaineers might be benefited by their commerce with the inhabitants of the fertile valleys below; while the latter, in their turn, might obtain renovated health and vigour from occasional excursions to the higher regions.

The same good sense which is necessary to the attainment of distinction in poetry, will, if duly exerted, regulate the degree of ardour with which it ought to be pursued. I have met with indiscreet poets and their admirers, (and they are perhaps not very rare), who advanced very extravagant pretensions in behalf of their favourite studies. Not satisfied with the legitimate praises of poetry, they have represented it as a pursuit to which all others are subordinate. Poetry is with them, not merely 'the fairest, but the only fair,' the sovereign that can bear no rival near the throne.

Without assenting to such exaggerated preten-

sions, I most cordially allow the just claims of poetry. It is capable of giving refined and exquisite delight, of awakening virtuous and noble sentiments, and of conveying, on many occasions, instruction in a most captivating form. But, though first in the scale of amusements, though more than mere amusement, it holds an inferior rank to many of the pursuits of men. It produces the fairest and most fragrant flowers in the garden of life, but there are plants, more unsightly in appearance, which afford fruits of higher value. Its primary object is to please; and instruction must be sometimes overlooked, sometimes insinuated rather than inculcated.

I will even venture farther, and assert, that a constant addiction to poetry, whether in perusal or composition, is hurtful. Poetry is a cordial, of which the moderate use is most salutary; but man cannot live on cordials alone, and if he attempt it, or even carry his self-indulgence to excess, the least that can be expected is intoxication. One who has fixed his mind's dwelling in the bright but ideal world which poetry discloses, will feel disgust at descend-

ing from it to those scenes of real life, in which there often are far other sounds than those of harmony,—flat and monotonous scenes, where he will look in vain for the sublime or the beautiful. If sometimes compelled to visit them, he will remain with reluctance, and escape in haste. His duties will be imperfectly, and therefore ill, performed.

But can any one doubt that the performance of our duties is paramount to every other consideration? And all have duties of which the neglect is criminal. I do not mean that a man ought to "leave no calling for this idle trade." Although above the necessity of pursuing a profession, he has much to do as a relation, a friend, a citizen, a *man*. Let these first be well performed, and then let him indulge, if his talents or inclination lead him, in the pleasures of poetry. It is most happily adapted to give blameless pleasure. Interposing between grave pursuits and mere amusements, it partakes in some degree of their several qualities, and is therefore admirably adapted to unbend, without weakening, the mind. If only the *horæ subsecivæ* be devoted to it, who will say that they are misemployed?

That accusation is hardly to be dreaded. But there is more reason to apprehend the ire of those poetical enthusiasts who idolize what I only admire. Their idea is, that the worship of their divinity must be without ceasing; that the broken and interrupted application to poetry, for which I contend, can never lead to excellence; and that to acquire distinction, the whole mind of a poet must be devoted to the cultivation of his art, in exclusion of every other pursuit.

It appears to me that these persons in reality lessen, instead of exalting, the object of their idolatry. They seem to regard poetry as a mechanical art, which can be acquired only by sedulous application, whereas I am inclined to consider the talents by which a poet is distinguished, as, in a great measure, derived from heaven.

I should take the liberty of inquiring what is understood by poetical inspiration, a phrase which is often in the mouths of those who delight to term themselves poetical enthusiasts? If it be that divine impulse by which alone excellence is to be attained, surely it is not to be acquired by labour. It is the

gift of God; and the man who has it not, will in vain strive to acquire it by study and meditation.

'Poeta nascitur, orator fit.' This is a common observation; and, without inquiring whether or not the distinction be well founded, it appears to me that the first of these assertions is indisputable. In order to be a poet, one must be born with powers, the want of which, no toil or exertion can supply. A brilliant imagination cannot be created by study, nor will labour impart exquisite feelings to insensibility. But if these are born with a man, they will display themselves, although he should not be incessantly employed in the exercise or cultivation of them.

If any part of poetry can be considered as mechanical, it is perhaps the selection of language, and the structure of verse. With regard to these a certain degree of application is necessary in order to improvement; but even on these points much must be done by nature. It must bestow a delicacy of taste, a sense of harmony, without which the most unremitting exertion would produce but imperfect effects.

Judgment is still more susceptible of improvement. It no doubt frequently enables its possessor to anticipate the lessons of experience; but exercise enlarges its powers, and sharpens its perspicacity. Experience, indeed, is necessary to the perfection of judgment in every department; and, in their early essays, men of real talents will commit errors, which those of inferior powers, but more extensive experience, will easily avoid.

Application, therefore, must be necessary, but not more than leisure hours in general can afford. If we resort to experience, we shall find that the best productions of many poets were the fruits of their earlier years; and that, instead of improving, they degenerated. Even in the more mechanical part of poetry, the versification, we find that lengthened practice is not indispensable to the acquisition of excellence. In the first productions of Pope there is a greater degree of harmony, and a higher finish, than in his later poems.

What appears to me necessary, in addition to those powers which must be given by nature, is not

length of time, but intensity of application. Whatever be a man's pursuits, but peculiarly in poetry, he should be, for the time, *totus in illis*. A single hour's vigorous exertion will effect more than whole days of languid application. This exertion not only promotes excellence, but increases pleasure; for a man is never highly pleased, even in his amusements, unless he enter into them with ardour.

It is to more energetic efforts that I should be inclined, in a great measure, to attribute the progressive improvement of some poets, which at first sight appears to militate against the opinion I have advanced. Timidity represses the powers of some, and indolence fetters the exertions of others. They throw an unassured or a careless hand on the lyre, till, emboldened by practice, or stimulated by honest criticism, they make happier efforts, and at last deserve that immortality which is their aim.

Quorsum hæc?——I hear an impatient reader exclaim. Have these remarks any more relation to the following performance, than the introductory chapters of Sallust to the Jugurthine, or Catilinarian

war? With great submission, I apprehend, that a discussion, of which the object is to correct opinions not unusual, and, as it appears to me, not advantageous to poets or their works, cannot be quite out of place in the preface to a poem. I have, perhaps, a more immediate interest in some of the observations which I have made. If the performance which I have offered to the public shall be found not altogether destitute of merit, it will shew that it is not necessary to devote more than a part of those hours which can be spared from a busy life, to the cultivation of poetry. If, on the contrary, my opinions be ill founded, perhaps this circumstance may furnish some apology for a performance which has been composed under the influence of erroneous opinions.

Of that performance, I have no inclination to speak in other terms than those of apology. Not the most austere critic can be more sensible than I am of many of its imperfections. But I may be permitted to obviate some objections, which, as I think, are ill founded.

The subject naturally suggested itself. I have derived so much happiness from Home, that gratitude led me to dwell on its praises *con amore*.

Home is sometimes employed to denote our native country, but I have used it in its more restricted meaning. Even then, it affords almost inexhaustible diversity. It is a 'wilderness of sweets,' out of which every man may select those most grateful to him, and yet leave thousands untouched.

Although a strict and rigorous method in poetry were, in any case, proper or even suitable, yet, on such a subject, it would have been unattainable. In gathering flowers, it must be often impossible to assign any reason, beyond convenience, or inclination, why we should begin with plucking the rose rather than the carnation.

Yet I do not contend for absolute disregard of method; and I have accordingly followed one, loose no doubt, but, in my mind, sufficiently strict for the subject.

The principal incident of the story in the second part, is not of my invention. I have heard it, but at so early an age, as not to recollect the time or occasion. Association has probably made it more acceptable to me than it deserves.

That transitions, in general, should be easy, I am ready to grant; but it does not follow, that they will always be obvious to all men. A dull man will see nothing but abruptness, or a total want of connection, where a poet's eye will at once discern those fine and delicate relations by which parts are allied to parts, and to the whole.

In the versification, I flatter myself, that I cannot be charged with any unwarrantable licence. With regard to rhymes, I shall only observe, that, though they ought, in general, to be exact, yet it is in poetry, as in music,—a less perfect concord, *sometimes* introduced has an agreeable effect; nor do I think that an author is bound to subject himself to stricter fetters than those worn by the most distinguished of his predecessors. Pope not unfrequently indulges in such rhymes as, '*men, unseen; grace, brass;*

years, sepulchres.' Gray, whose correctness is almost exemplary, has occasionally such rhymes as these,

> ' In climes beyond the solar road,
> Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains *roam*,
> The muse has broke the twilight *gloom*,'

Even Darwin, who, whatever be his other faults, is very correct in his versification, has,

> ' She comes, the goddess! Through the whispering *air*,
> Bright as the morn descends her blushing *car*.'

and others not more perfect. I have not often, however, availed myself even of these authorities.

The Alexandrine which is not unfrequently introduced, has less recent authority in its favour. It is therefore necessary to explain, why I have deviated in this respect from modern usage, which allows only of its very rare recurrence. My reason is, that it adds a pleasing variety, when judiciously employed, especially in heroic verse. Dryden's skill in numbers will hardly be questioned; and although the Alexandrine occurs, perhaps, too often in his works, yet, on many occasions, it is most happily introduced, and contributes much to the ' majestic

march, and energy divine,' by which his best performances are so eminently distinguished. Injudicious imitators employed it without regard to propriety, and Pope justly censures the '*needless* Alexandrine.' Every line, every expression which is *useless*, merits the same censure. But Pope forgot the limitation of his own precept, and relinquished, or at least very sparingly used, the Alexandrine, when he might have employed it to great advantage. His successors, in general, looked on his versification as a standard, from which they were not on any account to deviate; but I flatter myself, that, in the liberties which I have in this respect taken, I shall be thought guiltless of innovation, and only to have recurred to the good old way.

I AM uncertain whether the frequent personifications may not deserve to be blamed. Darwin has certainly indulged in them too often; but though they may no doubt be misapplied, they hold a most distinguished rank in poetry. Whoever reads Gray's Odes, must be more than pleased with the frequent recurrence of this figure. The greater part of the ode on a prospect of Eton College, and of the Hymn

to Adversity, which even Johnson was compelled to praise, is composed of the happiest personifications to be met with in poetry. The daring genius of Shakespeare delighted in this poetical *creation*, though sometimes the abstractions to which he gives life are misplaced, or disproportioned. Thus when Cæsar says,

> ' *Danger* knows full well,
> That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
> We are two lions littered in one day,
> And I the elder, and more terrible.'

the mind receives, with difficulty, this comparison between a hero and a mere poetical entity.

In the second part of Henry IV,

> ——' *Contention*, like a horse,
> Full of high feeding madly hath broke loose,
> And bears down all before him.'

is perhaps too strong; but it is amply atoned for by the beautiful personification of *sleep* in the same play.

Of the sentiments I have little to say, and indeed am inclined to let them shift for themselves. If I oppose the inordinate desire of wealth, which

distinguishes my cotemporaries, and often leads to servility and guilt,—if I have maintained that riches are not necessary to happiness,—what I have said will at least do no harm. Some of the sentiments may be termed extravagant, but that imputation I will not employ myself to repel. Men must judge by their peculiar notions. How absurd to one, who knows not the value of liberty, must Addison's exquisite address to it appear; and how extravagant by a dull matter-of-fact man must be thought his assertion, that freedom

> ——'makes the gloomy face of nature gay,
> Gives beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.'

I have been desirous to avoid imitation, but every man, who has tried poetical composition, must have experienced the impossibility of always rejecting the expressions, and even the thoughts of those who have gone before him. Ideas, which seem unborrowed, and expressions, which to him have all the grace of novelty, are afterwards discovered to have another and a juster owner. When I have made any such discovery, I have in general struck out the passage; but I am not by any means certain,

that I have never retained what is the property of another; and, if I shall discover that this is the case, I shall be most willing to acknowledge it. I will not say, 'Percant qui ante me mea bona dixere,' but, at least, I must deprecate the severity which ascribes to all accidental coincidences, all unintentional adoptions, the guilt of deliberate plagiarism. Some ingenious critics have carried this to a great length. The principle by which they are guided in the detection of plagiarism, resembles that of Fluellen in his comparisons. 'I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a *river* in Macedon, and there is also a *river* in Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers to my fingers, and there is *salmon* in both.' If in any two passages, a *river* be mentioned, it is, with these severe critics, a strong presumption of plagiarism; but if there be '*salmon* in both,' the proof of guilt is irrefragable.

To me these considerations appear rather more

rational. 1, Men, who contemplate the same objects, may occasionally view them in the same light, and with the same feelings. Their thoughts, and *sometimes* even their expressions, will therefore resemble each other. When a man of genius, and one without talents describe the same object, their descriptions will indeed differ thus far, that the one will present an absurd, and sometimes a ludicrous *caricature*, and the other a *just resemblance*. 2, Images and peculiar felicities of expression may deeply impress themselves on the mind, and yet for a while remain dormant. When again they recur, they may have a vividity which more peculiarly belongs to *invention*, and may therefore be mistaken for the offspring of imagination rather than recollection. 3, There are certain expressions so frequent in poetry, as to be incapable of individual appropriation, but belong to the community.

But I have already too much exercised the patience of my readers. If the preface be too long, however, they will not have cause to complain of the notes.

IMITATIONS.

Page 49, lines 12 and 13.

This I think is from Wieland, but I do not remember in which of his numerous works I have met with it.

Page 56, line 10.

Within the magic circle of his eye. *Churchill.*

Page 67, line 7.

——— Remorse with blood defiled. *Gray.*

Page 152, line 2.

This is the very coinage of your brain. *Shakespear.*

——— line 4.

Ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm. *Addison.*

ERRATA.

P. 46, lines 1 and 2, *read*

Dread scenes adieu ! Thrice welcome haunts obscure:
Shunned be the view of ills I cannot cure.

P. 73, l. 5, *read* ' worth.'

P. 77, l. 7, *read* ' pauses.'

P. 87, l. 8, *read* ' clear.'

P. 141, l. 14, for ' threats' *read* ' vaunts.'

HOME.

HOME.

PART FIRST.

Beauties of Clydesdale.. Praise of Home.. Expected pleasure from visiting the Home of childhood after long absence.. Disappointment.. Recollections.. Early attachment to Home.. Allusions to it from the view of new objects.. Instances.. Links of Forth.. Storm on Lochlomond.. Occasional alienation from Home by political prospects.. Return.. The Home of choice attained.

'Beloved Clydesdale! Thy green woods are sweet,
When Spring and Summer, wreathed with May-flowers, meet:
Sweet are thy swelling hills in light array'd,
Thy gleus, the haunts of solitude and shade,
Thy streamlets gently murmuring, and the bloom
Showered on their winding banks;—but sweeter HOME.

'Home!—There are pleasures undebased by art,
Endearments, where deception has no part,
Treasures that fortune is too poor to give:
Elsewhere I life endure; in Home I truly live.

'Stirred by the sovereign magic of that sound,
What heart with glad emotion does not bound?
The peasant, striving with th' ungrateful soil,
Expects in Home, the solace of his toil.
Th' adventurer, whose path is on the seas,
The warrior, who for fame abandons ease,
Hope, in life's eve, an Home that will repay
The ills they brave of its tempestuous day.
The love of Home, plant native of the soul,
Blooms at the line, nor withers near the pole.
From force or choice, tho' far the Traveller roam,
Yet still his vista terminates in Home.

'Lives there, by all its charms, a wretch uncharmed?
His icy breast affection never warmed.
Let those, the woodland melodies who scorn,—
Pleased with the drum's hoarse note, th' obstreperous horn,
The trumpet's blast, th' artillery pealing far,
And all the dreadful dissonance of war,—
False fame let these pursue, by land and flood,
Disdaining glories un-achieved by blood,
Plunge in the trench, the steel-crowned rampart scale;—
But place me, Heaven, in Lothian's peaceful vale.'

Such thoughts arose, as over hill and plain,
I hastened to the banks of Clyde again;
While yet remote my native valley lay,
And Tinto dimly towered, with distance grey.

Now, as distinct the uplands are descried,
And bright, tho' transient, glimpses of the Clyde,
That wood, yon village spire, these hills excite
The images of long-elapsed delight.
Ah! with what joy those scenes shall I behold,
Which waked in infancy, true age of gold,
The love of nature that, thro' good and ill,
Has strewed my path with flowers, and cheers it still!



Like April-gleams th' expected joys decay,
As thro' the haunts of former times I stray.
Art has been here,—his wizard toils I see,—
And scarce one native charm survives for me.*

* There are few men, I believe, of common feeling, who have not been disappointed, on visiting the scenes of early youth, by the disappearance of objects endeared to them by association; although their place be supplied by what reason acknowledges to be improvements.

Improvements rise, and wide their range extends,—
To me the monuments of buried friends.
Those woods, which at the voice of spring display'd
Endless diversity of green and shade,
Mine eye explores in vain;—no more I view
The spot where sweet-briar, birch, and hawthorn grew,
Breathing mixed odours.—Clumps and formal lines
Offend my sight, and all the tribe of pines.
I seek the slope, which golden furze array'd,
On May's first morn;—'tis levelled by the spade.
Yet sure the quiet holm beside the stream,
Whose daisied verdure caught the morning beam,
And won the smile of even, change has spar'd;
For steeps and ever-flowing waters guard
The sweet recess.—In vain! The furnace glows,
Where sprung the fairest flowers, and ceaseless throws

A night of smoke around.—Pollution reigns,
And not a bush or grassy blade remains;
While creaking engines and tumultuous throngs,
Have silenced quite the larks' and linnets' songs.

Oh! Home of early years! Oh! YE who gave
That home to charm!—Now silent in the grave!
There sleeps the best protector of my youth,
Whose soul was goodness, and whose accents truth
There rests—Ah! why such vain regrets recal?
On every spot the shades of sorrow fall.
Forbear, my steps, thro' altered scenes to range,
Where anguish only is the fruit of change.

Remembrance, guardian of the past, restore
Joys fled for ever, days that dawn no more,—

Days when, in this my native vale alone,
I deemed that happiness had placed her throne.
Once more, auspicious, let those transports beam,
Which on the banks of Clyde, delightful stream,
Lighted my early years!—Entranced I spy
His brown cliffs towering to the sunny sky,
Where, glens and wild woods trembling at the sound,
O'er Corra's rock he springs with giant bound.
Below, his banks more beauteous hues assume,
With hazels green, or bright with blossomed broom.
Remoter still, his stream majestic glides,
Towers, temples, cities, glittering on his sides.
Again the crag abrupt I climb, and now
Pluck the wild berries purpling o'er its brow:
Now armed, but not for deeds of blood, I go,
Unfledged my arrows, and unsure my bow:

Now light of foot, with lighter heart, I strain
In playful contest o'er the well-known plain;—
Dear to my soul! 'Tis consecrated ground:
And there my lost companions sport around,
Such as they were. In this enraptured hour,
Distance relents, and death suspends his pow'r.
To life restored, a thousand beauties start,
A thousand sweet sensations crowd my heart;
As, lost in thought, I range each fairy scene,
Bend o'er the bridge, or linger on the green.
Ere while less sweet, they now delight the eye,
Seen in the softened light of memory's sky.

If from th' accustomed range at times I stray'd,—
Friendship could win, or novelty persuade,—

My steps, half-willing, half-reluctant, move,
My mind reverts, with more than wonted love,
To Home. Resemblances or contrasts rise
From all that nature shews, or art supplies:
Th' associations absence overcome,
And, with sweet witchery, waft me to my Home.

'See where the Forth, thro' Stirling's valley, strays,
And, winding oft, its glittering course delays,
As loth to part,—enamoured of the scene,
These fields so fertile, and these woods so green.
Fair,—yet inferior to the scenes of Clyde;—
More bold his banks, more crystalline his tide,
Beauties more varied on his margin shine,
And his dread cliffs and falls, are, Grandeur, thine.

'Behold, the vernal tempest Arran shades,
With front stern-lowering Rothsay's shore invades
Deepens the gloom of Cowal's hills of heath,
And waves his terrors over green Roseneath,
From Leven's laughing vale each charm exiles,
And pours his wrath on Lomond's trembling isles.

'Yet there one islet scorns his fierce career,—
Her fields unshadowed and her fountains clear.
As if his radiant shield some angel cast
O'er her young foliage, sweeps the tempest past.
Safe from the gusts that ravage hill and dale,
The waves rough-rolling, and the arrowy hail,
She smiles in loveliness, and on her breast
The storm-chased sunbeams find a place of rest.

'Lovely that sunbright isle, amid the foam
That flashes round; but lovelier far my Home.'

Once from the charms of Home mine eye was turned,
When Freedom's star with transient lustre burned.
Then rose my soul, unshaken mid the storm,
Then, even when danger wore his deadliest form,—
Turning the cheeks of more than cowards pale,—
I smiled, and deemed that virtue must prevail.
'As soon from Heaven the feeble arm of man
Shall tear the sun, as thwart th' Eternal's plan.'
But when I saw destruction's sanguine flood,
Whelm with one wave the worthless and the good;
Saw Virtue unlamented fall, and Guilt
Sail safe to glory on the blood he spilt,

Then other thoughts arose,—compassion's train;
But pity, unallied to power, is vain.
My heart, that, while the tempest echoing past,
Throbbed high in sad respondence to the blast,
Yet hoped—vain hope!—to see its terrors cease,
And hail the brightness of enduring peace;
Deluded oft, forbears at last to roam,
And seeks the sure though humble joys of Home.

Thus the tired dove, who issued to explore
If yet th' Immense of waters owned a shore,
When no emerging verdure cheared the sight,
On hasty pinions homeward urged his flight.
Scared by the tumult of the boundless tide,
Whose waves, earth's conquerors, still in triumph ride,

(For yet the mountain crests were faintly seen,
Nor reared the olive her pacific green)
Glad he returns, his calm abode resumes,
Brightens his purple neck, and smooths his ruffled plumes.

What human tempests rage! In Europe's sky,
Is mercy's radiant sign displayed on high ?*
No. Hid the sun, and quenched each cheering star,
Still o'er her nations drives the storm of war;
Still, on their plains the crimson deluge spreads,
And lightnings, unexhausted, strike their heads.†

* 'I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: And I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.' Gen. c. ix, v. 13.

† Written some years ago.

Shunned be the view of ills I cannot cure.
Dread scenes, adieu! Thrice welcome haunts obscure:

Home! o'er me sure his spell some demon threw,
And bade fair-seeming phantoms cheat my view;
When from thy precincts stray'd my hopes afar,
And, seeking bliss, explored the fields of war.
No blooms delight in that sad region rears,
Whose streams are blood, whose dew the orphans' tears.
The spell dissolves.—To thee my footsteps turn,
In whose fair circle, only, joys sojourn;
The skiff that fears to sink, the billows prey,
Less eager hastens to th' encircling bay.

Swift as I move, where earth's best blessings dwell,
What glad presentiments my bosom swell!

Though childhood's cloudless sun be ever set,
New days await me, banishing regret.
Much, much remains; and riper years bestow
Frequent delights, that childhood cannot know;
Ecstatic scenes, where fancy joys to rove,
Sweets given by science, transports snatched from love.
Me, Home once more, the Home of choice, awaits,
Affection calls, and Welcome spreads the gates;—
The Home where EMMA,—while that name I speak,
Life's quickened current reddens o'er my cheek—
MY Emma, graced with loveliness and youth,
With looks all modesty, and heart all truth,
Her Love shall hail, and own with smiles unfeigned,
His hopes might wander, but his heart remained.

HOME.

PART SECOND.

The happiness of attaining a Home after sufferings illustrated by the approach to Juan Fernandez.. Address to Home.. Its artless beauties.. The pleasure of making improvements.. The harmony of external objects.. Security from the disagreeable vicissitudes of the seasons.. Distance from scenes of human misery.. Home open to the unfortunate and virtuous.. Exclusion of folly and vice.. Denunciation by the Lares.. *Emptiness of fashionable pleasures, even when not vicious.. Their inferiority to the home-enjoyments of a virtuous and healthy peasant.. Higher enjoyments of more refined minds.. Folly of the vulgar pursuits of pleasure, riches, and power, in the course of which real happiness is sacrificed, and crimes and misery are occasioned.. Story of Edwin.*

Assailed by countless ills on unknown seas,

Struggling with storms, and, worse than storms, disease,

No friendly harbour near, no hand to save

Thy warriors, anson, from the unsated wave;

What joyous shouts they raised, when 'land' was heard,
And, sharp and bleak, Fernandez' hills appear'd.
But as they nearer drew, with favouring gales;
Saw the green knolls, and dim retiring vales;
Lawns glittering with the flowers of spring survey'd,
By myrtles circled, lending ceaseless shade;
Beheld clear fountains sparkle down the steep,
Gleam through the thickets, round the meadows sweep;
And,—scarce escaped the uproar of the floods,—
Heard the soft murmur of the leafy woods;
While o'er the plains and uplands, doubly bright,
The evening sun diffused his rosy light,—
'Twas ecstacy! The sick man rais'd his head,
Alien from earth, a brother of the dead;
Gazed on the shore, but trembled as he gazed,
Lest phrensy all the Elysian scene had raised,

But when the aromatic land-gale blows,
And on his ear the woods' wild music flows,
From his dim eyes the beams of gladness break,
Hope's purple glow illumes his pallid cheek;
Home rises on his mind in all its charms,
His wife, his children, strain him in their arms:
And, listening fond to transport's syren voice,
He dreams of years to come, and long, unbroken joys.

Bright were the visions on his soul that shone,
But bliss, as bright, more real, is my own.
For I have gained an Home in which combine
Thy treasures, Love, and, Independence, thine;—
Rest, competence, and ONE, whose faith alone
Would charm, were competence and rest unknown;
All sheltered, whispers hope, from fortune's blast,
And dearer from the sense of evils past.

Seat of delights, that love and peace endear,
Love free from doubt, and peace unstained by fear;
Thou better Eden, by the chastening sword
Of heavenly power, denied not, but restor'd—
Hail, Paradise of soul! Among thy blooms,
One, not untaught by ills to prize them, comes.
Here let me pause, a more than passing guest,
Here share, thro' lengthened life, thy soothing rest,
And,—far from me ambition, avarice, driven,—
Partake, unbought by death, the joys of heaven.

Seat of my joys! In thee my soul shall prove
The bliss, unpoisoned by the griefs, of love;
From Emma's glance the fiends of care depart,
While seraphs bending own her sister heart.

In thy retreats her radiance virtue pours,
Hope's everlasting spring awakes her flowers;
No blasts of anger or caprice destroy
The opening blossoms of domestic joy,
No clouds of coldness or disgust arise,
Thy fields to sadden or obscure thy skies.

Adorned by nature! no exotic flowers
Their haughty corols rear amid our bowers.
There lurks the violet; the sweetbriar there
Yields willing kisses to the sportive air;
Her flexile arms the honeysuckle spreads;
And virgin roses blushing, bend their heads.
Supreme o'er all, Simplicity presides,
The arbour forms, the yielding streamlet guides,
Bids northern woods extend their sheltering arms,
And aids, but fears to alter, nature's charms.

Oh! 'tis a toil enlivened by delight,—
Th' Hesperian star so cheers the brow of night,—
To lead the pathway, now through sylvan glooms,
Now, in broad sunshine, where the meadow blooms;
Now on the river's brink, now high above,
And think how oft the objects of my love
Shall trace its mazes;—groves to plant, and say,
'Their boughs may shade us when my locks are grey;'—
To graft, and hope my children may behold
The branches bend with fruit, Pomona's gold,
Or tinted with the rose's warmest glow;—
In day-dreams sweet as these, the moments flow
Unmarked; while Love, around a sunny gleam
Diffusing, breathes 'Thy bliss is not a dream.'

'Tis not a dream: Look, listen, and confess
Each tone, each object, heightening happiness.

Here not a bloom, misplaced, offends the sight;
But all in glowing harmony unite.
Even that rude furze unfolds a golden dye,
That flowerless fern displays its symmetry;
The daisy's petals brighten o'er the green,
And harebells rise in azure pride between.
Here not a sound is heard but boasts a charm
Suffering to soothe, and sadness to disarm.
The bleat of flocks, the distant lowings rise,
Symphonious with the music of the skies;
The brook its murmur yields, the grove its sigh,
And the bee-nations join their deep-toned minstrelsy.

Though hosts of clouds obscure the sunny sky
Though o'er mid-heaven the sounding tempests fly,
Embrown the earth, and turn the seas to foam,
Yet storms shall spare, and lightning shun our Home.

Though Winter riding on the whirlwind's wing,
O'er plain and mountain his white terrors fling,
With icy fetters bind the struggling surge,
Drive the pale sun to æther's southern verge,
And waste the world; yet shall he strive in vain
Th' impregnable retreat of home to gain.
The blazing fires shall chase his cold away,
Th' illumined hall deride his scanty day,
And, free as Avon flows in Summer's pride,
The tranquil stream of home-felt bliss shall glide.

Our path with roses, though Affection strews,
Intrude not the world's cares on our repose?
No, never. The faint rumour of turmoil,
The Warrior's struggle, and the Statesman's toil,
May reach our ears, but not annoy us more,
Than billows breaking on a distant shore.

Or if the sigh,—the tears of pity rise,
For the sad victims of successful vice;
No lengthened pang, that sigh, these tears, shall leave,—
Soft as the gale and dews of Summer's eve:
They cherish, but not agitate; they come
Kind feelings to improve, and heighten virtue's bloom.

But here, though Discord no admission find,
Nor Envy taint the soundness of the mind;
Though Hate and Rage, those demons, dare not come
Within the magic circle of our Home;
Shun we our kind? The stranger from afar,
The human fragments half-redeemed from war,
The pale forms shattered by disease and pain,
Shall never at our gate implore in vain:
My Emma's eye shall pity their distress;
Her voice shall soothe them, and her bounty bless.

Are we alone? with us the good and wise
At Friendship's altar oft shall sacrifice:
While from their fane th' indignant Lares* chace
Corruption's tribes and Folly's teasing race.

'Hence, Ye,' they call, 'whom conscious guilt defiles;
Spring blooms in vain for you, and Summer smiles.
The dimpling stream in vain to soothe you tries,
The morning sun-beams wound your gloomy eyes.
Deaf to the Choristers, who pour along,
From wood to wood, the luxury of song;
In cloudless heavens ye hear dread thunders roll,
And see avenging fires flash from the azure pole.

'And ye Debased, who view, unmoved and cold,
Each charm of nature, unallied to gold;

* The deities who, according to the ancient mythology, presided over home.

Whose hearts the glow of kindness never knew;
Whose eyes were never bright with pity's dew,—
Go, toil for wealth, nor higher transports claim,
Go, grovel in the dust, from which ye came.'

Be they obeyed: but You, whom feeling warms,
Awake to love, alive to nature's charms,
Who with delight the brightening landscapes view,
Where Spring's fair tribes their fragrant lives renew;
Who, thrilled, the deeds of worth and valour hear,
While rapture pours th' involuntary tear;
Friends of my soul, ye more than brothers, come,
And share with me the blameless joys of Home.

Seat of my joys! in thy fair circle rest
Each hope, each wish that swells this throbbing breast

The world, and all its hollow raptures tried,
As quicksands false, and changeful as the tide,—
Can aught allure me from this dear retreat,
Pain to solicit, and ensure regret?
Those exhalations that amid the night,
Seduce the traveller with their mimic light,
Are not more transitory, more untrue,
Than the delights, misnamed, that men pursue;
Yet, yet to meteor-lights their trust is given,
And scorned the guiding beam that shoots from heaven.

Offspring of earth! by self-made sufferings torn,
Scorned, did not pity check the smile of scorn;
Why will you chase, exposed to countless harms,
False bliss, while real rapture courts your arms?
Why seek, where Lapland spreads her cheerless snows,
The heath-flower, while your gardens boast the rose?

Ah learn, ere hopeless anguish blanch your cheek,
How vain, how joyless, are the joys you seek!

Dim, useless is the diamond's trembling ray,
Contrasted with the genial blaze of May;
Such, but more vain, those pleasures ye prefer,
Matched with the blessings of yon Cottager:
Health pours her current through his vigorous breast,
And toil sheds sweetness on the bed of rest.
Th' endearing ties of husband, father, child,
Unmixed with doubt, by interest undefil'd;
The heart that never throbbed with pain or fear;
The spirits bright,—the conscience ever clear;—
These are his joys,—and while he boasts of these,
Care is his scorn, and poverty can please:
These form his wealth; that genuine wealth unknown,
How poor the proud possessor of a throne!

What are his ills? At dawn, perhaps, he goes
Through flooded fields, or strives with blinding snows;
All day he labours; cold, or showers annoy;
But evening comes, and yields him up to joy:
Sweet hour! To him, who day in toil has worn,
More dear than vernal noon or summer morn.
Then,—while the tribes of fashion, folly-sway'd,
Prepare for languid dance or masquerade;
Where, midst the shining crowds around that press,
The sickening heart feels nought but emptiness;—
Then home he hastes: the peat-fire seen afar,
Through his lone window, shines his guiding star.
See, crossed the brook and passed the purple moor,
He pauses at th' unlatched half-opening door;
His wife, his offspring, warmed with love surveys,—
Bliss of the present, hope of future, days;

Till one, quick-turning, views her father's face,
And all the shouting train contend for his embrace.
Anew the fire is stirred, and blazes high;
The plain repast, which health makes luxury,
Is spread; the song succeeds; the tale of mirth
Bids laughter circle round the happy hearth;
Prelude of deep and undisturbed repose.—
Such are his pleasures, so his evenings close.

Where genius, science, taste, their gifts bestow,
Bliss higher, joys more intellectual, flow.
With these, 'twere madness but to breathe a sigh
For aught besides that chance or fate deny.
Shall Wealth, who scorpions views amid his store;
Shall Pleasure, at her banquet craving more;
Shall Power, who grasps the land and strides the wave,
Yet trembles, as he eyes his trembling slave;

Shall these pale Forms, that vainly mimic joy,
The husband, father, from his home decoy?
Could all their treasures, all their charms impart
The thrill that shoots electric through his heart,
Flashed from the heaven of mild Affection's eyes,
Beamed in her smile, a light from paradise?

Slave of the world! Does still thy heart inquire,
Stubborn in wrong, 'Can sensual raptures tire?
'Wealth sure, when wise, to use his treasures knows,
'And Power, secure from terror, may repose.'

Grant, grant that fate recals his fixed decree,
And heaven's firm laws are overturned for thee;
Yet think what ills thy painful search may prove,
Th' abyss below, the precipice above;—

Think of the foes for ever hovering round,
To urge the open blow, or secret wound.

What serpents lurk midst guilty Pleasure's flowers!
What demons, angel-seeming, haunt her bowers!
Attained their limits, that rash Youth survey,
Fresh as the morn, and as the sky-lark gay;
She spreads her charms, displays her winning wiles,
And draws him with the magic of her smiles.
He moves;—the line irremeable is past,
The spell imposed, which lasts while time shall last;
His seraph-guardian sheds from sorrowing eyes
Such tears as angels weep, and heavenward flies.

Light, as unchained, the victim bounds along,
Shines in the dance, and swells the festive song;

Twines wreathes of freshest roses for his brow,
To yielding beauty breathes his burning vow;
Awakes the blush voluptuous, and receives
Those joys, which love, divorced from virtue, gives.

Short joys! In flight their pinions are display'd,
Before the roses of his chaplet fade.
Less swift exhale the dew drops from the thorn,
Than perish the vain joys that vice adorn.
Lo, while in pleasure's lap her votary lies,
Love in his glances, rapture in his sighs,
Shame on his secret haunts delights to glide,
Spreads, gladdened, his dishonour far and wide,
Mountains pervades, o'er swelling seas is borne,
And teaches echo's voice the lengthened laugh of scorn.

Does Love, does Courage ward the shaft of Shame,
As guards the laurel from the lightning's flame?*
More potent fiends shall rise, and weave a spell,
Which Courage cannot break, nor Love repel.
In ambush lie, their shuddering prey to seize,
Or Age, or Poverty, or fell Disease;—
Or, direst far of all the fiends who shed
Infernal plagues on man's devoted head,
Remorse, with eyes reverted oft to trace
The conscious crime that holds his steps in chase;
Remorse, delighted quivering hearts to tear,
Whose touch is anguish, and whose voice despair.
Dread Powers of utter darkness, ye shall give
Tortures that make it heaven's worst curse to live!
By you obscured, the day, that shone so bright,
Shall close, ere noon, in storms and endless night!

* '*Lauri* fruticem non icit,' says Pliny;—a once popular but not unpoetical error.

Power! Wealth!—Dark as the wintry tempests lower,
Appear the legions guarding wealth and power.
Stern on their frontiers, pale Suspicions keep
Relentless watch, that never yields to sleep.
There Danger joys his fiery bands to form,
His glance the flash of heaven, his step the storm;
There Hate, whose day-dreams scenes of blood defile,
Deceit, who wears a dagger and a smile;
And fierce Destruction, opening from beneath
The mine in whose dark chambers revels death;—
These shall arise, and thousands in their train,
Thy strength o'erpower, and prove thy caution vain.
Ah cease in search of misery to rove,
And choose, with Edwin, happiness and love!
Edwin, who long, too long, opinion's slave,
Pursued the phantom, wealth, by land and wave;

Now, 'mid the joys his simple Home that grace,
Regrets alone the years he lavished in the chace.

Where, fire-enthroned, Zaara's* Genius reigns,
And shoots fell glances o'er his joyless plains,
Blasts vegetation with his poisonous breath,
And wraps the traveller in his sands of death;
Can nature smile? Does aught the view descry,
But glittering deserts, and a flaming sky?
Yes; close-embosomed in that dreary waste,
Relenting heaven a verdant Isle has placed,

* The *Great Desert* is, in extent, nearly equal to one-half of Europe. It is interspersed with habitable spots, or *Oases*, as they were termed by the ancients, of greater or less fertility. Some are now unknown, and some, perhaps, have never been discovered. The *Oasis* in which the temple of Jupiter Ammon was situated, is described to have been the residence of coolness and perpetual spring. The inhabitants lived in cottages dispersed through the forests, where the streams preserved a luxuriant vegetation.

Whose thickened shades the torrid rays repel,
Where, mingling beauties, Spring and Autumn dwell.
Against the ramparts of her fair domain,
The demons of the desert rage in vain;
In vain th' invader Heat his arrows plies,
Cool flow her fountains, green her palm trees rise;
Safe from his burning shafts, light zephyrs play
Amid her groves, along her streamlets stray,
Collect the fragrant tribute of her flowers,
And breathe perfume and freshness on her bowers.

Such, such to Edwin, long condemned to roam
This waste of earth, the paradise of Home.

O'er Edwin's path his snares Deception spread,
And ruin's blast beat boisterous on his head.

His soul was sickened; new disasters came,
Prest on his heart, and agonized his frame.
More transient than the glowing tints of eve,
The Forms of fancied bliss his dwelling leave.
Scared by the glance of Misery's hollow eye,
In fear-struck bands, the Loves and Graces fly.
With hastier step pale Gratitude retires,
To burn on newer altars brighter fires.
Even Friendship's train, though bound by many a tie,—
Diminished anguish, and imparted joy,—
By true affection sceptered in his heart,
With cold und unreverted looks depart.
When August and her radiance leave our sky,
Thus on light wings the summer warblers fly;
Look back with scorn on scenes they prized before,
And seek a brighter clime, a greener shore.

Yet ONE there is, whose faith no ills subdue,—
True as the violet to the spring is true;
True as the spring to Damas' fragrant bowers,
Or to the nightingale the queen of flowers:*—
AGNES, sweet maid! when selfish crowds retire,
When Hope her anchor quits, and Joy his lyre,
With love unchilled, with courage undismay'd,
'Tis thine, to bring thy sinking lover aid;
With tender soothings lessen sorrow's weight,
And warm with smiles the winter of his fate.
So when November's hosts the earth o'er run,
And laugh to scorn the arrows of the sun,
When all the forest-nations, wildly driven,
Their pale leaves scatter to the winds of heaven;

* The loves of the *nightingale* and the *rose* are the frequent theme of oriental poetry.

Save where the beech's foliage, vainly true,
Clings, shrivelled, to the stem on which it grew:
'Tis then the myrtle, still to beauty dear,
That, cherished by Miranda, many a year
Has seen the woodland glories born and die,
Smiles at the rigours of the wintry sky,
And, still unchanged amid the changing scene,
Her vernal fragrance breathes, and spreads her vernal green.

Edwin, what bliss is thine such love to share,
Love that might soothe remorse, and charm despair!
Yet, ah, what pang its bounties to forego,
And fill from rapture's fount the cup of woe!
For canst thou o'er her heart thy power employ?—
Build on her sufferings thy contracted joy?—
Snatch from the garden's warmth her opening bloom,
And plant her in the circle of the tomb?

So deems he.—' Selfish transports far above,
My soul pays homage to an holier love:
Can rapture reach me from an anguished breast?
Can I know bliss, if Agnes be unblest?'

For once, oh Fortune, let dejected Wort
Divide thy favours with the sons of earth;
One glittering pittance rescue from the bad,
To bid the pensive heart of Love be glad.
The stores that minister to vile desires,
That heighten to destruction vice's fires,
To Edwin lent, would chase misfortune's gloom,
And light with happiness his cheerless Home.
Vain prayer! Profusely Fortune's bounty flies,
But rarely lavished on the good and wise:
In Wealth's wide sea unceasing torrents pour,
While the grey Desert asks in vain a show'r.

But toil may give, but skill and courage gain
The prize, by love from Fortune sought in vain.
'Tis fixed; his Home, his native land resign'd,
His happiness—for Agnes stays behind—
O'er regions far remote shall Edwin rove,
To diadem with wealth the brow of love.

Unwise!—His heart resists the dire behest,
And struggling asks, 'Are riches only blest?'
In vain its claim is made. From reason's sight,
The film of prejudice excludes the light.
Those themes th' Idolaters of dust enforce,
Even while he scorns their vileness, urge his course:
'Fools value Love alone; the prudent hold
It shines no gem, unless enchased in gold.'

Lo, by conflicting hopes and passions driven,
Far wanders Edwin from his native heaven;
Now wondering views, on Arctic billows borne,
The Pole's ice-mountains, and her midnight morn;
Now moors his bark on Carthagena's strand,
Or treads with steps of anguish Lybia's sand.
Yet, doomed the sport of each malignant star,
From love, from friendship, from compassion far,
To Home, resistless magnet of the soul,
He turns, though oceans interposing roll:
To Agnes' bosom, his heart's dearest Home,
Where—'tis their chosen place,—the virtues bloom,
His passions turn, as restless, yet as true,
As the wild waves that Dian's orb pursue.

At last the wanderer, years of suffering o'er,
With baffled hopes, returns to Europe's shore.

In vain did either world disclose its spoils,
With meteor-flight they shunned his virtuous toils:
Guilt, offering wealth, his cold reserve arraigned;
But wealth, bestowed by guilt, his soul disdained.

Shall he behold his native Isle again,
Bright emerald on the bosom of the main?—
Review the unforgotten haunts of love,
The bank soft-sloping, and the well-known grove?—
Clasp the fair object of his hopes and fears,
And give to peace and love his coming years?
The World's stern voice prevails: With ceaseless ire
The demon Poverty exclaims, 'Retire!'
With threatening gesture urges his command,
And, overshadowing, guards the promised land.

Obedience slow, reluctant, Edwin yields,
And France receives the stranger in her fields;
With smiles, though faithless, sweet, consoles his woes,
And gives,—what can she more?—a sad repose.
Such the repose that spreads o'er nature's form,
When awful pauses the careering storm,—
auses, with mightier force again to rise,
Crush the green year, and shade the opening skies.

As frequent roaming by the azure Seine,
He views the ills that crowd a despot's reign,
And asks, while lost in thought he eyes the wave,
'Ah, why is man a tyrant or a slave?'
His mind, from misery's dark and present shapes,
Eager, to scenes of past delight, escapes.
He sees the Graces' fane, the Virtues' seat,
Dear to the good, unsullied by the great;

He sees the green Slope to the west descend,—
The glittering Stream around it slowly bend,—
The Woods, which Spring's light pencil loves to tinge,
The farther bank with varied verdure fringe;—
The ancient Castle on the eastern hill,
Crushed by the mace of Time, yet threatening still;—
These he beholds; and, lovelier far than all,—
Clear stream, or woody bank, or social hall,—
His Agnes sees, as oft he saw, again
With beauty's blaze illumine hill and plain;
Disclose the smile, that might even demons move,
And dart the glance, all-eloquent in love.

Brief, brief delights! See recollection start,
And all the shining dreams of bliss depart.
He wakes to feel himself exiled, unknown;
To mark, and mark in vain, Affliction's groan;

Heaven's dark decrees with fruitless toil to scan,
And know that man's worst enemy is man.
The banished Wanderer thus, who darkling goes,
Grief his companion, 'mid Siberian snows,
Beholds at times the Boreal glories rise,
And light with cheering beams the moonless skies.
Now, winged with fire, the streamy squadrons dart,
Rush in resplendent columns, join and part;
Now, o'er the heavens, in calm effulgence drawn,
Surpass the splendours of the southern dawn.
Short splendours! see, from all the darkening sky,
In lucid crowds th' electric armies fly,
And swift descend, extinct each friendly light,
The deepest shadows of the polar night.

At length disaster's quivered ills are spent,
he clouds of woe disperse, the winds relent,

And Edwin's views, exulting at the view,
Heaven's opening fields of sun-illumined blue.
Yet once, once more, so rigorous fates ordain,
His venturous bark must plow th' Atlantic main.

'Twas Spring; o'er Nature's bosom, pale and cold,
The west-wind breathed, the floods of sunshine roll'd.
In Edwin's breast, long chilled by wintry woes,
A fairer spring, the spring of Hope, arose.
Her languid flow'rets Gladness bade revive,
And Transport smiling saw her rose-buds live:
They live, but blow not; till in kindlier skies
They catch the beams of Agnes' sunny eyes.

By laughing omens cheered, and prosperous gales,
From Havre's port the bark of Edwin sails;

With rapid course the yielding waters cleaves,
And the low shore in shapeless distance leaves.
False omens!—Soon the favouring breeze inspires
The swelling sails no more, but sad retires;
While rising fierce, with terrors all his own,
The scowling south-wind mounts his cloudy throne;
Bids his black squadrons darken all the pole,
And fires descend, and deep-toned thunders roll.

Long in the school of suffering taught to bear,
To scorn the shafts of pain, and brave despair,—
Edwin, exalted o'er the fear-struck crew,
Eyes the commotion with untroubled view,
Intrepid sees, above, around, beneath,
Th' inevitable ills, and smiles at death.

In that dread hour, amid the raging storm,
Full on his soul rose Agnes' lovely form.
Less fair, light graces dancing in her train,
Rose new-born Beauty from the dimpling main;
While earth, in smiles below, and heaven above,
Rejoicing hailed the dawning reign of love.
Less lovely, from th' abyss of solid night
Sprung the new sun, and poured his infant light.
The beauteous form, pourtrayed by fancy's hand,
Points with sweet gesture to his native land,
Waves her white arm, bids vanished Hope appear,
And breathes in love and music on his ear,—
'One struggle more, and then no more we part,
One triumph, and we mingle heart with heart:
Surcharged with joy, exulting years shall come,
And I and love imparadise thy Home.'

Fired by the bright creation of his mind,
The love of life restored, and doubt resign'd,
All energy he looks, persuades, impels,—
His courage swelling as the danger swells.
To the pale mariners, subdued by fears,
And mingling with the tempest groans and tears,
He moves a ruling angel swift to save,
Whose voice can still the wind and calm the wave;
Before whose glance the vanquished clouds shall fly,
And kindred sunbeams brighten o'er the sky.
Strong in his strength, with rushing seas they cope,
And rallying crowd th' exulting ranks of hope.

Vain all their toil! Intrepid though they strive,
Before the storm they see the vessel drive,
Swift as an eagle shooting on his prey,
While lines of foam disclose her arrowy way.

All day, an anxious day, the vessel flew,
But clouds and billows bounded still their view;
Night, darkest night, assumed her ebon throne,
And no propitious constellation shone.
The morning dawns; its inauspicious light,
Shrouded in mist, appears a paler night.
Noon comes, but round his brow no glories play,
Dim as the twilight, telling 'it was day.'

Their fate draws on: the billows' deeping roar,
Announces near a rough and dangerous shore;
And scarce announces, ere with dreadful shock
The bark is shivered on a pointed rock.
'Twas felt ere seen; and now dismay began,
Electric-winged, to speed from man to man;
Despair rushed onward with a torrent's sway,
And bore the mounds of discipline away.

The boat is launched; the seamen crowding round,
Deem Safety beckoning to its narrow bound;
With phrenzied haste descend the vessel's side,
And shoreward, on the mountain-billows ride.
Edwin alone remains, in vain implores
The eager crew to doubt these unknown shores;
In vain reminds them, as their course they urge,
How frail th' o'erladen skiff, how fierce the surge!

The sullen mist, low brooding on the main,
Spreads her grey mantle o'er the frantic train.
Hark, 'tis their fate! The sharp cry of despair,
Once and again repeated, fills the air:
And now 'tis silence,—more than clamour dread,
The deep heart-chilling silence of the dead.

'Tis done. The Deep, as satiated with prey,
Melts in complacent smiles his rage away;
And the fierce blast, his work of ruin o'er,
In softened murmurs plays along the shore;
Yet Heaven's blue arch is still involved in clouds,
And still impervious mist the ocean shrouds.

The favouring instant Edwin spies to reach,
On floating wreck sustained, the pebbly beach;
Still unsubdued by toil, untouched by fear,
He gives his lost companions' fate a tear;
Then hastes, with steady footsteps, to explore
Th' obscure recesses of this unknown shore.

A stream he meets, that to the ocean sped,
Its waters quivering o'er their sandy bed;

The banks at first are sloping, smooth and green,
But soon a giant rock projects between.
Now still ascending, Edwin, charmed, espies
Full-foliaged thickets on the steeps arise,
That o'er each rudeness cast a verdant veil,
And bend and murmur in the sportive gale.

'Stream of my native fields! Methinks again
I see your clea waves hastening to the main:
Such banks as these, so fair, your course confine,
And such the windings of your silver line.
That rock, these woody heights! Can Heaven restore,
Benignant in its wrath, my native shore?
Vain thought! My native shore removed afar,
Resists with fearless front the watery war.
And Thou, remembered still 'mid joys and cares,
Know'st not the varied ills thy Edwin bears,—

Unconscious of the elemental fray,
That swept his bright and blooming hopes away.

'Oh happy Ignorance! Perhaps, even now,
Her lips once more repeat our plighted vow.
That seat is hers beneath the beechen grove,
Where first she heard, nor scorned, my timid love.
Still I behold her, as she sate reclin'd,
Her dark locks waving in the western wind;
Light-stealing blushes wander o'er her cheek,
And her bright eyes a thousand meanings speak:
Her cheek, that rose-bud turning from the gale,
Her eyes, the bright-blue sky of Annandale.—
Heavens, what soul-melting radiance in them shone,
As soft she sighed, 'Thine, Edwin, thine alone!'
My heart dissolved in bliss; and earth and sky,
Flushed with new glories, looked their sympathy.

The stream more limpid, glided at our feet,—
His murmurs softer, and his banks more sweet.
A melody more touching filled the grove,—
Unnumbered notes, and every note was love;—
Ah, must I still, the sport of every blast,
Steal from the present to enjoy the past?
Shall I, no more, each painful thought at rest,
Explore and find my heaven on that dear breast?'

Fresh blows the breeze: The vanquished vapours fly;
A tide of sunny radiance floods the sky;
Fields, woods, and glittering streams, arrayed in light,
A world of brightness! burst on Edwin's sight.
Can this be real? Sure enchantment reigns;
For sees he not, entranced, his native plains?
On the green hill that fronts his eager view,
Where oft he strayed, when life and joy were new,

Beholds he not the well-known castle-wall,
Hoary with age, and nodding to its fall?
The tower, whose summits yet to heaven ascend,
His heart confesses as an ancient friend.
The wood, that echoed with the blackbird's song;
The rock, o'er which the river foamed along;
The aged oak, conspicuous midst the scene,
Vast, and alone, the monarch of the green;
The seat of love;—what beauteous vision beams,
More bright than fields, and woods, and glittering streams
'Tis she! 'Tis Agnes on that seat reclin'd,
Her dark locks waving in the western wind;
But lilied paleness on her cheeks appears,
And her eyes sparkle through a veil of tears.

'My Agnes! my beloved! my only care!'
The well-known accents struck the pensive Fair.

The Fair looked up, and saw her Edwin's form,
With watching pale, and outraged by the storm.
Love, wonder, doubt,—a thousand feelings prest,
Commingling, through her agitated breast,
In her sweet eyes obscured the heavenly flame,
And almost shook to death her lovely frame.

Surprise o'erwhelmed, but Love's soft arts restore,
'My Edwin lives, and Grief is mine no more;
For me he lives, for me, supremely blest!
What power, what angel, brings thee to my breast?'

'The angel, who delights in virtuous love.—
Thine, thine, my Agnes, never more to rove.—
The frantic chace of riches I disclaim;
Love needs them not, to feed his holy flame.

Love needs them not. Let Fortune's gifts depart.

Himself suffices to a faithful heart.'

HOME.



PART THIRD.

The happiness of Home, endeared by long possession.. Objects more prized from association with Home.. Pain of absence from Home.. Delight of return.. Alleviations of sickness.. Praise of women.. Disclosure of character in Home.. Freedom from restraint.. Increased attachment from habit, even to the landscape seen daily.. Description of it.. Tranquillity of the scenery.. Contrast between the present and feudal times.. Between this island and countries the seat of war.. War odious, not in defence of rights, but when it proceeds from ambition.. Destructive of the pleasures of Home.. Everard.. Injurious to domestic felicity in its remoter consequences.. Impressing.. Albert.. Exhortation to enjoy present tranquillity, and the beauties of nature. .. A day at Home.. Morning.. Noon.. Evening.. Setting sun.. Reflections suggested by it.. Aspiration after the power to bestow happiness.. Address to sovereigns.. at least to diminish the sufferings of men.. Slavery.. The homeless negro.. Abolition of

the slave trade.. The Maroon expelled from home.. Those who are compelled to leave their country.. Falconer.. Return from this reflections, to the contemplation of evening scenery.. Approach of night.. Conversation.. Music.. The madness of contention, instead of cultivating domestic enjoyments.. Hope of improvement.. Certainty of future felicity to the good.

FREQUENT, on sun-beams borne, the Summer-hours
Have gladdened our green fields with countless flow'rs,
As oft have fled to cheer another zone,—
Since HOME, and THOU, my Emma, were my own.
They came, and saw the joys of many a Home
Decayed, while mine assumed a brighter bloom;
They fled, and left to sullen storms the year,
But Summer, brighter than they bring is here.
What rose can emulate Affection's cheeks?
Are woodland notes so sweet, as when she speaks?
Her eyes their light from June's mild evenings stole,
And her's the ceaseless Summer of the soul.

Home of our choice, I love thee;—not a tree
Waves in thy precincts, but is dear to me,
And musical its voice.—Hark, as they move,
Whispers, more soft than elsewhere, fill the grove!
The brook, that o'er yon rock descends in foam,
Abrupt, as if in haste to reach its home,
Then, lingering, through my mead its passage takes,
Beyond these limits no such murmuring makes.
This moss-rose, on whose half-unfolded breast,
Yet moist with dew, the bee delights to rest,
Breathes, lightly dancing in the freshening gale,
Fragrance more sweet than stranger flowers exhale.
And you, wild warblers of my native plains,
Whom fashion hears not, and whom pride disdains;
Ye linnets, that through birch-woods love to roam,
Ye red-breasts, minstrels of the peasant's home,

Whose voice, whose hue, as light ye flit, disclose
The union of the nightingale and rose ;*
To me more pleasure yields each artless note,
Than all the songs through foreign groves that float.
Mine be the care that no rude hand molests
The sanctuary of your protected nests :
These little homes shall be inviolate long,
If long I live,—nor anguish mar your song.
What charms not? Even that sparrow's voice, tho' rude,
Conspires to cheer our populous solitude;
While, with a bosom that no cares annoy,
He from the hawthorn chirps his lively joy.

Why all so sweet, so dear? 'Tis Home improves
Whatever lives, or vegetates, or moves.

* The oriental fiction of the loves of the nightingale and the rose, has led Darwin to form a monster, half-bird, half-flower, from their union. *Botanic Garden.*

She on these woods a nameless charm bestows,
Her magic radiance o'er the landscape throws,
Bids sweeter music breathe at morn and even,
And gifts the flowers with fragrance stol'n from Heaven.

Empress of Heaven, the moon, adorns the night;
But when the day-spring pours its waves of light,
Beamless, forsaken by the starry crowd,
She seems, scarce viewed, a speck of silvery cloud.
Before the lingering rose unfolds her dies,
In death the violet shuts her azure eyes.
Mute is the lark, so blyth at early morn,
When warbles the sweet night-bird from her thorn.
But Home, in thy retreats, serenely gay,
Joys linked with sister joys unenvying stray.

Constellated delights, with friendly rays,
Illume thy skies, and pour a blended blaze.
The blush of morning, noon's refulgent glow,
The breeze-tuned woods, the river's murmuring flow,
The echoing hills, the billow-beaten shore,
Know still to please, though Emma charm me more;
And graced by her with gifts before unknown,
Reflect her beauties and improve their own.

So, where majestic Clyde devolves his floods,
Through Hamilton's green vale, and Bothwell's woods,
Spreads verdure, scatters fragrance, where he glides,
And images the beauties on his sides,—
How sweet the scene!—Yet let the evening beams
Pierce the red clouds, and tint the woods and streams;
The woods and streams, delighted, meet the rays,
The distant mountains catch the spreading blaze;

In robes of light, celestial drapery, drest,
Reflect the glories of the glowing west;
With more than native beauties swell their store,
And charm those eyes they only pleased before.

When in long absence I forsake these walls,—
Now Duty lifts his voice, now Friendship calls,—
How joyless loiter, even in pleasure's bow'rs,
The dull, dull moments, lengthened each to hours!
Can mirth convivial, can tumultuous joys,
Theatric splendours, Music's melting voice,
The thoughts of Home from Feeling's bosom chace,
The dear remembrance of the past displace.
No. In bright clouds the dazzling visions roll.
Assert their rights, and occupy my soul.
The present fades,—the hall, the glittering dome
Fleet fast away, and I am blest at Home.

Stay, dear delusions. Ah, with eagle speed,
They fly, and images of ill succeed:
'What woes, even now, may visit those most dear!
'Perhaps my Emma drops an anguished tear:
'On me, perhaps, a suffering cherub calls'—
I start: the lights are dim, the banquet palls,
Wit pains me, laughter sickens.—If I strive
With sadness,—if more chearing thoughts revive;
Yet, ceased the bosom's animated tone,
The charm, which gives to pleasure life, is gone.

Released, how swift from exile I depart,
And hasten to the dwelling of my heart.
That heart, unskilled its throbbings to conceal,
Counts every circle of the glowing wheel,
Counts every footstep of the flying steed,—
'How slow they move! Urge, urge them on to speed.'

Now near and nearer,—now I pass the stream,
Ascend, surmount the hill. 'Tis not a dream:—
Home in its beauty rushes on my sight,
And through my bosom streams a torrent of delight.

Have ye not seen, when silvery clouds are driven,
Frequent and large, along the deep-blue Heaven,
One spot, with bright unbroken sunshine blest,
While shadows oft returning dim the rest,
Sweet may it be. Yet even that sunny scene,
Fresh though its roses, fresh its emerald green,
Is not so sweet, amid surrounding gloom,
As, 'mid the boasts of wealth and pride, my Home.

But that fair Form!—Her aspect bliss restores;
My heart descries her, and my soul adores.

'Tis she, in every evil, faithful proved;
'Tis she, than health, life, liberty, more loved.
And thou, sweet child, whom many a tie endears,
Source of a thousand hopes, a thousand fears,
Where art thou? Why not to my bosom prest?
Oh, come in smiles, and give my soul its rest.
See, lightly darting, o'er the green she flies,—
Health on her cheeks, and pleasure in her eyes;
Breaks through the thicket, o'er the low fence springs,
And round me, shouting with delight, she clings.
Adieu the pangs of absence, hence alarms;—
I hold my heart's best treasure in my arms.

Sickness or Pain! Do they our Home invade,
As erst their Sire polluted Eden's shade?—
No mercenary stranger loiters near,
Bribed to cold kindness, taught to drop the tear

That never held communion with the heart:
The hand of Love performs each tender part;
The pillow smoothes, the draught, the cordial brings,
And steals from Anguish, unaware, his stings.
The sigh scarce-formed, her watchful glance descries,
Th' unspoken wish is open to her eyes;
And all the virtues, that in happier hours
We praised, but coldly praised,—half-hid their pow'rs,—
Now with the charms and port of Angels move,
And boundless admiration join to love.
Such good from evil springs.—So where aspires
Etna, dread monarch of volcanic fires,
Nursed by their warmth, the flow'rets sweeter breathe,
More beauteous bloom, than on the plains beneath.
The olive's gifts, the orchard's blushing train,
The purple treasures of the vineyard's reign,

A richer flavour boast, a brighter glow,
Won from the fiery gulf that boils below.

Home boasts, where WOMAN dwells, its highest charms;
Then gaiety illumes it, kindness warms.
Formed to delight us! Even in lands a prey
To crimes, that, hidden elsewhere, brave the day,
Humanity, by savage man repress'd,
Th' asylum finds of woman's gentle breast.
Just to her virtues, Heaven, while it bestow'd
On man a splendid ill, ambition's load,
Or bade him deserts range, or plow the main,
To woman destined the domestic reign.
Yes, Fairest, if the Cytherean zone
Ye wear, and build on gentleness your throne,
Home is your empire,—empire well deserved,
Won by the power of pleasing, and preserved.

When man, sore-anguished by the ills of life,
By folly teazed, or agonized by strife,
Enters his home, and meets your smile of peace,
Your eye of welcome, all his troubles cease;
Nay, when remembered, make his pleasure more,
As recollected storms, when safe on shore.

Though virtue's honours oft the bad adorn,
Rarely at home the bright disguise is worn.
Disclosed by the domestic angel's spear,*
The demons in their native form appear.
Mark that Declaimer;—virtuous though he seem,
The love of man and liberty his theme,
Implicit trust not.—If at home severe,
His children shun him, and his servants fear,
If to their sufferings succour he deny,
Vain his pretensions to philanthropy.

* In allusion to the spear of Ithuriel.

If to his wild caprices all must bend
Without appeal, he is not Freedom's friend;
And, when for liberty he loudest raves,
'Tis for himself; all others may be slaves.

Ease, quiet, all the humbler pleasures meet
In Home, and make felicity complete.
The panoply that prudence oft must wear,
Amidst a world which vice and folly share,
Is here resigned. Let doubt with danger cease.
Who ranges, clad in steel, the haunts of peace?
Come, let us laugh at pedants dully-wise;
Come, truce with caution, let us solecise. *

* *Ubi licet solœcismos fari*, says some one, who had probably been annoyed by those worthy personages, to whose formal *lectures*, the unfettered ease of conversation, though interspersed with *colloquial barbarisms*, as Johnson stiles them, is infinitely preferable.

Here stalks no gloomy sage, whose frown severe
Bids mirth be mute, and pleasure disappear:
Here no half-wit, half-fool, is on the watch,
Meaning o'erlooked, ambiguous sounds to catch.
Here gladness dwells: The jest electric flies,—
Th' innoxious jest,—and brightens fancy's eyes,
While rosy lips, unstained by guile, impart
Those smiles which speak serenity of heart.

'Tis even sweet to mark the well known flow'rs
Steal forth, and whisper, 'Spring again is ours.'
'Tis sweet to press the seat we oft have prest,
And in the wonted chamber sink to rest.
It charms me from this window to survey
The landscape, viewed, reviewed, each passing day.

In front, the deep-green woods their umbrage spread,
Darken the heights, or skirt the humbler mead.
Broad fields of fairer hue arise between;—
The waving corn now spreads its cheerful green,
Now the ripe grass requires the mower's hand,
Or daisies, summer-snows, adorn the pasture land.

Onward, the city rears its castled crest,—
A matchless gem on Lothian's sunny breast.
Long lines of shining palaces extend,
And cupolas repose, and spires ascend;
While, proudly rising o'er its halls and towers,
With lion-port the hill of Arthur lowers.

But where the Forth's proud river sweeps the plain,
Moving to wed, fair stream, the Eastern main.

Yet nobler scenes unfold;—a crowded port,
Where Commerce, sire of empire, holds his court;
The dark-blue Frith, where many a whitened sail
Rests in the roads, or, pausing, courts the gale;
The isles that on its breast repose serene,
Here grey with rocks, there softening into green;
Th' expanse beyond, which owns no bounding line,
But that where sea and sky their tints combine;
Save where, illumined by the westering ray,
The rock-walled Bass ascends, or humbler May;
And, lovelier still, the winding northern shore,
With hamlets, towns, and castles brightened o'er,
Adorned with fields from waste by culture won,
That gently swell to meet the summer sun;
While o'er their heads the giant Lomonds rise,—
Proud sons of earth that threaten yet the skies.

While art and nature thus to charm conspire,
Awake the mighty Masters of the lyre.
Let love's melodious numbers glide along,
Or pour the proud sublimities of song.
Now Shakespeare's lightning splendours meet our eyes,
A meteor flashing through poetic skies;
Now, though dark clouds at times obscure his rays,
A sun of glory, Milton pours his blaze.
Immortal Milton! on thy honoured brows,
More fresh through age, the Muse's chaplet blows;
Nor shalt thou, Pope, at time's rude touch repine,
Though flowers of humbler beauty bloom in thine.

How soft, how quiet, all the landscape round,
As if it feared to mar one tuneful sound!
How peaceful! Now no glen, no lowering wood
Pours from its murderous shade the men of blood;

Secure, where fancy guides our steps, we stray,
Nor fear that death lies lurking in our way.
That Castle, lingering on the lonely steep,
Oft in his dungeon heard the captive weep;
While proud Oppression, 'mid the festal blaze,
Won beauty's smile, and drank the dulcet tones of praise.
Now, all his crimes forgot, his splendour gone,
There Desolation fills her tottering throne;
Shrill-whistling winds usurp the minstrel's strain;
And where the trumpets echoed, owls complain.
The battlements, erewhile of fearful note,
Grey shapeless fragments, strew the grass-grown moat;
And, like a giant, shrunk with age and hoar,
The Keep frowns o'er the vale, but can no more.

I joy to see its ruins,—to behold,
Crushed the proud pageantry of days of old;

The strong-holds fallen, where petty tyrants sway'd,
While arts and freedom shun'd their baneful shade.
See, glittering mansions rise on their decay;
See that green vale, with cots and hamlets gay.
The owner dreads not, as his domes aspire,
And his woods rise, the rage of hostile fire.
The peasant, rapine's ravages unknown,
Fearless, the future harvest calls his own.
Not such this hapless land in former times,—
A den of savages, a haunt of crimes:
Laws were disdained, and duties overthrown;
The Monarch trembled on his blood-stain'd throne;
The Chieftains, toss'd on faction's restless waves,
Now frowned as rebels, and now crouched as slaves;
The People knew not freedom's rights, decreed
For thankless lords to labour and to bleed.

Not such, even now, by nature favoured more,
Those lands which Devastation tramples o'er;—
Lands, where the fierce and frantic power of war,—
Whole nations crushed beneath his steel-bright car—
Leads death to love and virtue's calm abodes,
And drives afar their trembling household gods.

Not Him I mean, who, roused by many wrongs,
To shield the weak, and stem invading throngs,
Stern, his red banner to the winds unfurls,
Mid guilt's faint ranks, his lightning sabre whirls,
And, with a voice which turns oppression pale,
Proclaims, that Freedom's right hand shall prevail:
What generous heart but owns him as its Lord?
What arm but starts to snatch the patriot sword?

Then, in the guardian of a threatened state,
Whose eyes shoot terror, and whose voice is fate,
I own the Sent of Heaven, I recognize
The watchful Seraph guarding Paradise.

From heaven HE comes:—But of infernal birth,
Behold that Form, who roams the wasted earth!
Swift as he moves, on wheels blood-dropping driven,
Hell's coruscations taint the beams of heaven.
The smiles that brightened Nature's face are fled,
And Earth's green robe is changed to blushing red.
Scourge of mankind! His thirst insatiate drains
The crimson tribute of unnumbered veins.
His frenzied energy creation owns,
The shield of wrong, the stay of tyrant thrones,—
The fiend who blasts existence.—In his train,
Dark as the night, and billowy as the main,

What congregated horrors urge their way!
How falls each charm, that sweetens life, their prey!
His course is marked by pyramids of flame;—
His force the groans of dying hosts proclaim;—
Destruction springs obedient to his voice;
And demons, half-forgot their pangs, rejoice.

This, this is War, whose blood-stained shrine before,
The prostrate nations tremble and adore.
To him their precious stores profuse are given,
Each boast of earth, and every gift of heaven.
Their pride and strength, the generous, brave, and good,
Seal their insane devotion with their blood:
The joys of public and domestic life,
Blaze on the altars of the Fiend of strife.

On Grandeur's sufferings oft the Muse has shed
Those glories which immortalize the dead;
But not alone the storm of warfare falls
On towers superb, and lute-resounding halls;
With equal rage assailed, the clay-built bower,
Scarce tempting rapine, sinks beneath its power:
Thus Everard's mansion fell, no splendid dome,
But blest with every joy that brightens Home.
The poor man's palace! In its narrow bound,
Bliss rarely known to palaces was found;
While sorrow kept aloof; for pain and care
Seem'd bound this family of love to spare.

War saw them, and was wroth. Destruction's band
Mark his dire frown, nor linger for commands.
Headlong they rush, impatient to destroy,
While Havock laughs, and Murder shouts his joy.

'Tis done: The mansion of Contentment falls;
Flames tower triumphant o'er the prostrate walls;
Their owner, sinking in the unequal strife,
Pours from his blameless heart the stream of life.
His children fall: Strength, courage, scorn of pain,
The skill of practised ruffians renders vain.
And ah, yon cherub, who, unknown to fear,
Smiled at the glittering of the hostile spear,
Pierced by that spear, to human fiends supplies
The grateful music of its dying cries.

Unhappy mother! Parent, wife no more:—
Sure death befriends thee, and thy woes are o'er.
Ah, no! she breathes, and Memory comes again,
Cruel, to open every source of pain.
She sees her Home,—that Home so lately blest,
Where joy was found a never-failing guest;—

That cherished Home, which bore in every part
Memorials dear to her delighted heart;—
She sees that Home, low-levelled with the clay,
Th' unsated flames still lingering o'er their prey;
She sees,—and starts with speechless horror wild,—
Her husband ever dear, her darling child;—
At that dread sight endurance bursts in twain,
And phrenzy revels in her burning brain;
She grasps the steel, that pierced her husband's side,
And finds the death unpitying foes denied.
Oh guiltless death, which,—every stain above,—
Virtue might praise, and Piety approve:
Th' accusing angel saw, but blame represt,
And heaven received her to its sainted rest.

But not alone are they to be deplor'd,
Whose blood bedews th' unsparing victor's sword.

Even in those lands where Peace supports her reign,
Ills sprung from War at times her shrine profane.
The fierce Simoom, who fires the Nubian air,
Though in his direst form he rages there,
Yet bids sick nature heave a suffering groan,
In regions to his purple pomp unknown;
Wafts o'er the main his pestilential breath,
And showers on distant lands disease and death.

He comes, th' adventurous Mariner, from far,
And laughs, secure, at tempests, and at war.
The circling shores, the mountains dimly-blue,
Break through the haze of distance on his view;
Near, and more near, his gladdened eye admires
The castled cliffs, the time-discoloured spires,
The domes that, brightened by the evening ray,
Superbly boast an ampler share of day.

Now he beholds,—and at the sight his heart
Exulting swells; the tears of rapture start,—
Faintly distinguished from the billowy foam,
The low, white cottage, Edith's well-known Home,—
His wedded love.—On Asia's sunny shore,
Storm-tossed, or deafened by the battle's roar,
Alike, of her he thought, to her address'd
The glowing wishes of a guileless breast.

And hastes not Edith, by impatience borne,
Swift as the gale that guides the car of morn?
She comes, the fairest Form that crowds the strand,
Love in her looks, and welcome in her hand;
She comes, her eyes fixed stedfast on the sail,
Blames its slow course, and chides the lingering gale.
The gale obeys her voice, the vessel flie;
Already beam her charms on Albert's eyes:

He marks the flushes o'er her cheeks that move,
And hears, or thinks he hears, the softened tones of love.

Albert, in vain for thee is love prepared;
In vain the storm forebore, the battle spared.
Foes shall arise thy raptures to deform,
More fierce than war, more ruthless than the storm.
Even on the margin of thy boasted Isle,
Where Freedom reigned, and Peace diffused her smile,
Freedom's protecting energies shall cease,
And outrage crush thee in the lap of Peace.

Hark, that loud shout, and see, yon rugged brood,
In violence nurst, the Tigers of the flood,
From ambush start, the anchoring vessel scale,
Spread o'er the deck, th' astonished crew assail,

Those swords our foes alone should feel, unsheath,
And give, for promised pleasure, chains or death.

Though Albert long, with dauntless courage, strove,—
Its flame fanned brighter by the wings of Love,—
O'er love and courage barbarous arms prevail;
Him, overborne by numbers, bleeding, pale,
Far from his Edith, from his Home, they bear,
And plunge amid the caverns of despair.

But not despair is Albert's lot alone;
His anguished Edith echoes groan with groan.
The purple horrors of his streaming wound,
His limbs in other chains than Beauty's bound,
The savage band exulting o'er their prey,—
These blast her sight, and chase pale Hope away.

Take thy last look, Unhappy! Never more
Shall Albert view thee, or his native shore.
Each chord, attuned to tenderest feelings, torn
'Mid stormy scenes of blood and havock borne,
From all that charms or soothes existence hurl'd,
Life but long pain, a wilderness the World,—
On Biscay's coast he finds a wished release,
And War's red arm bestows eternal peace.

Shall the still-restless tide of human life
Resorb me too amidst alarm and strife?
Forbid it, heaven! and yet an hour may come
Urging my steps from thee, best loved, and Home.
What said I? Thoughts of sadness dim thine eyes,
Like clouds unlooked for, shading Summer skies.
Be cheered, my Love. It comes not, dreadful hour,
It ne'er may come; Life's joys are in our pow'r:

Flowers of a day, their fragrance still is new,
And their bright leaves are wet with morning dew;
Seize we, while Heaven permits, the good they give,
And live, as truth and reason bid us live.

Shall we,—the season calls us,—shall we stray
At dawning, and anticipate the day?
See Morn, her helm with rubies blazing, rise,
And shoot her lucid arrows o'er the skies.
The darkness yields, star after star retires,
And heaven is won by her resistless fires.
She views the globe with triumph-sparkling eyes,
And bids Creation from his slumbers rise.
Nature is glad.—The flowers her influence own,
And waft their freshest fragrance to her throne.
The plumy race, with emulous warblings, pay
Due thanks to the vicegerent of the day.

Earth melts in praise, as blended flow along
The tides of light, of fragrance, and of song.

Noon too delights. Tho' o'er the hills and woods,
With downward rays, the sun incumbent broods;
Though Heat unsparing robs the flowers of dew,
Embrowns the grass, and pales the rose's hue;
While Stillness, sliding o'er the sun-struck grounds,
O'erpowers the Morning's many mingled sounds,
Subdues th' ethereal harmonies, and binds
The rustling pinions of the western winds;—
I have a sweet retreat, where clustered trees
Reveal, with tremulous leaves, the lurking breeze;
A brook, whose current never dries, is near,
And, softly rippling, wins the charmed ear.
Seest thou that turf-built seat with moss o'ergrown:
There Coolness rears, at summer noon, his throne,

In sportive sway his feathery sceptre waves,
And with transparent dew our temples laves.

But sweetest far the time, when, mildly great,
Less fierce his splendour, less intense his heat,
The evening sun declines; the blushing West
Prepares fit welcome for her radiant guest;
Bids her bright dome it's lucid gates unfold,
And rears his throne of mingled gems and gold.
No more the Morning's mirth-resounding voice
Invites the mountain-echoes to rejoice;
No more does Noon, while listlessness invades,
Drive panting animation to the shades;
But gentler warmth, and charms of softer pow'r,
Await the glories of the sun-set hour.
Mild-beaming hour! Thy noiseless footsteps bless
A soothing calm, a placid cheerfulness.

Still are thy Joys. The redbreast's warbling throat
Drops, scarcely heard, an unpresuming note;
O'er the smooth brook the crowding willows rest,
The sunshine sleeps on Ocean's waveless breast;
To stir th' unrustling woods, the breezes cease,
And, stealing, fear to violate nature's peace.

Climb we that hill, whose verdant slopes survey
Th' unclouded grandeur of departing day;
Behold the mountain-hosts that westward lie,
Hill surged on hill, in wild sublimity;
And mark the Forth her winding waters pour,
By many a wood-fringed bank, and many a glittering tow'r.

Serene and bright as a retiring god,
The sun, all glory, beams himself abroad;

Crowns with empyreal gold the azure floods,
To smiles unwonted melts the dark-brow'd woods,
In purple splendour robes the northern hills,
And with one boundless blaze all æther fills.

Oh, like that Sun to shine, like him diffuse
Blessings unbounded as the evening dews!
How oft, when Sorrow pours his bitter cry,
Or silent turns to Heaven th' imploring eye,
The feeling heart with vain emotion glows,
And melts in fruitless sympathy of woes.
'Ah, that to me th' Almighty had consign'd
The Godlike privilege to bless mankind!
No more th' unheeding breeze should waft your sighs;
No more the tear-drop tremble in your eyes.
Blest to anticipate the poor man's pray'r,
Pour sunshine on the gloomy brow of care.

With Freedom's radiance chace the dungeon's gloom,
Recal despondence from the yawning tomb,
To yon unsheltered wanderer, pale and weak,—
Health's roses fled for ever from his cheek,—
In soothing accents whisper, 'Cease to roam,'
And open wide for him the gates of Home,—
My heart should feel, while these its cares employ,
In giving joy, the purest thrill of joy.'

Throned o'er mankind, to you, to you 'tis given,
Earth-born, to emulate these deeds of heaven.
Ah, wise though late, relentless strife forbear,
To human feelings wake, and learn to spare.
The wealth ye scatter with a lavish hand
To speed grim ruin o'er a smiling land,
These golden showers which nurse the seeds of woe,
And bid the torrents of destruction flow,

Those arts, inimical to nature's plan,
Which man employs to crush his fellow man;
That opulence, these arts, in works of peace
The globe might gladden with unknown increase;
The languid eye of genius might relume,
To virtue's cheek recal its vanished bloom;
Lone forests people, deserts fertilize,
And make this fair round earth a paradise.

Delusive thought! Can truth's pure beams pervade
Th' eternal smoke that wraps a throne in shade,—
A smoke, which flattery's censer still supplies,
Which blinds the quick-eyed, and confounds the wise?
Humanity, in life's sequestered vales,
Nursed with pure dews, caressed by fanning gales,
In vernal beauty blooms, but, tender flower,
Fades in the poisoned atmosphere of power.

If blessings to diffuse transcends your will,
Sure 'tis less arduous to abstain from ill.
Ah, by the pangs of slavery's galling chain,
By tears for fathers, husbands, children, slain,
Attend to Misery's sad and strong appeal,
Shew ye have hearts not hardened quite to steel,
Arrest the arm that lifts Oppression's rod,
And merit once th' approving look of God.

If Virtue's voice, if Pity's accents fail,
Let awe of fearful recompence prevail.
Though long Endurance bowed his neck to wrong,
And Vengeance, often called on, slumbered long,
Have they not risen the haughty to confound,
Spurned proudest thrones, and dashed them to the ground?
The unregarded vapours that arise,
When noontide glows, and viewless, seek the skies;

Condensed, may form of clouds the dark array,
Seize heaven's bright fields, expel the trembling day,
Sweep with black pinions o'er the world beneath,
And pour on palaces dismay and death.

The swarthy Genius of Nigritia's shores,
Even now, with tears of blood, your aid implores.
Sad as he views his half-unpeopled plains,
And, starting, hears loud whips and clanking chains;
Now from his bosom bursts the anguished sigh,—
Now thoughts of future vengeance sparkle in his eye.

Not, not alone, amidst th' Atlantic waves,
Unpitied thousands haste to nameless graves.
In happier lands, in European climes,
Less fired by passions, tainted less by crimes,

Even here the sable victims of despair
Pour the scorned tear, and urge the fruitless pray'r.

See that poor Out-cast, who his plaint prefers,
With tremulous voice, to heedless passengers.
A man of griefs! His days began to run
In climes inflamed by a relentless sun,
In lands to Superstition's arts a prey,
And parched beneath a Despot's fiery sway.
There Liberty, exalting man to God,
Ne'er touched with flame from heaven the breathing Clod,
But Tyranny, through Animation's realms,
By land and sea, her trembling tribes o'erwhelms.
Yet there her compensations Nature gave,—
Health to the man, contentment to the slave.
Who never breathed where temperate seasons smile,
Enjoys the torrid clime, and burning soil;

Who ne'er the bliss of equal rights has known,
Resigned, can bow before a tyrant's throne.
His vigorous frame fatigue and pain defies,
His mind is cloudless as Melinda's skies:
For him the tropic-treasures are display'd,
For him the laurels thicken into shade,
The orange groves perfume the zephyr's wing,
And palms their unexhausted treasures bring.
But chief with social joy his heart beats high;
Joy undissembled sparkles in his eye,
Bids his light limbs in measure glide along,
And moulds to melody his artless song.
The kindred bands with whom his bliss is shar'd,
The scenes of pleasure, claim his fond regard,—
Scenes, where, at eve's cool hour, the dance he wove,
Or sought and won the yielding smile of love.

And as the rays which noon diffuses round,
Collected in the convex crystal's bound,
In narrower limits mightier force display,
And boast a brightness which obscures the day;
So his affections,—who, untaught to know
A stranger, save a vagrant or a foe,
Ne'er felt a wish in other scenes to roam,—
With blaze concentrated illume his Home.

But bitter change arose. The tide of war
Stained with red streams the silver Calabar.
With rage and avarice filled, the foe drew near,—
Death led his van, and flames pursued his rear;
He burst, a blasting fire-bolt, on the plains,
Consumed the villages, the flocks, the swains;
Then, tired of slaughter, the sad relics bore,
Rapt in a scorching whirlwind, to the shore.

A slave before, now tenfold more a slave,
Plunged, warm in life, 'mid Europe's floating grave,
Misery's despairing vigils doomed to keep,
Azid is wafted o'er th' unpitying deep.

Long, long 'tis his each form of ill to know,—
A weary traveller through the realms of woe.
In those fair islands, Afric's direst bane,
Stars of the deep, that gild the Atlantic main,
Azid, enslaved beneath a foreign lord,
Might dream he saw his native clime restor'd.
But where his fields by countless charms endeared,
His cane-built home which laughing labour reared,
The simple joys that circled round his board,
And his lost friends, the victims of the sword?
Is that a Home, which peace and rest disown,
For ever saddened by a tyrant's frown?—

A tyrant dark, severe, who joys to urge,
By sufferance but provoked, the reddening scourge,
Till crimson drops start full from every wound,
Till life's warm current smokes along the ground.

It clears: a beam of bliss, with dubious strife,
Breaks through the long-continued storm of life.
The tyrant dies; a milder lord succeeds,
No more the lash resounds, the captive bleeds.
A gale, to slavery adverse, sweeps the sea,
And bears glad Azid, Britain's isle, to thee;
Thy cliffs he views, and deems his sufferings o'er,
For Freedom smiling, hails him on the shore.

Alas, though Freedom's hand unbind his chains,
Vain is the gift, for wretchedness remains.

His patron just and good to death is given,
Snatched in his vernal years, yet ripe for heaven.
Disease invades him, alien from our clime,
And, eagle-winged, outstrips the march of time.
His shrivelled limbs no more his frame sustain,
To use decayed, yet sensible of pain;
And yet he lives,—oh wretched life, which gives
Those pangs alone that tell the wretch he lives!

Child of the South! on thy defenceless head
The Polar storms their icy tortures shed.
Condemned to take what nature's wants demand,
From squeamish Charity's half-shrinking hand,
No Home is thine to warm thee or to cheer;
No kinsman's friendly voice, to soothe thine ear;
No hand to dry the tears by sorrow shed;
Classed with the dogs, but spurned while they are fed.

The morn awakes thee with her cheerful song,
But to bewail that anguish lives so long.
Night hears thee, while her starry banners wave,
Implore the starless gloom that shades the grave.

*Hark! what glad tidings spread o'er land and main?
Guilt hears appalled, and Slavery drops his chain:—
'Crushed is the trade of blood.'—The accents rise,
Than sacrifice more grateful, to the skies.
Ye friends of mankind, Freedom's genuine friends,
Whose fame the warriors' glory far transcends,
Scotland exults among your band to hail
Her sons;—th' intrepid statesman, Lauderdale;
The Erskines, not by eloquence alone
Exalted, and the patriot Hamilton.

* Added in the second edition, after the act for the abolition of the slave trade was passed.

Onward; the path, which duty points, pursue;
Oppression, fraud, the lands worst foes, subdue.
Well expectation augurs of their deeds,
Whom, strong in conscious virtue, Grenville leads.

Fox, ever honoured! Death has sealed thy fame;
Envy is mute, and faction fears to blame.
Thou FIRST of patriots, foe to crimes alone,
The friend of suffering man in every zone;
If eloquence, the offspring of the heart,
If virtue, that alliance scorned with art,
If wisdom, fit to guard a struggling state
Against a world in arms, could conquer fate,
Thy voice in Freedom's cause would still resound,
Our safety in thy counsels yet be found.
Farewell!—Be sorrow's feeble signs subdued;
Lament him as the good lament the good,

As one whose meaner part alone has died,
Whose great example lives, to animate and guide.

Guard we our Homes! There is no home for me,
For mine, save in a land of liberty.
Rather in endless exile would I roam,
Or hide my wretchedness in death's dark home,
Than live to bear what most my soul abhors,
What cowards bear from tyrant conquerors.
Yes, cowards! He is one who sinks a slave,
While earth to all her children yields a grave.
But who shall conquer us! Our favoured land,—
A mighty fortress reared by nature's hand,
By millions guarded, circled by the main,—
Shall prove the threats of mad ambition vain,
And, long as navies on the deep are borne,
May laugh the threatening continent to scorn.

Guard well our Homes from hostile arts. The foe,
Whate'er he promise, aims their overthrow.
Conventions, treaties !—Frantic power disdains,—
As fire the silken band,—these feeble chains.
A stern distrust, the voice of every age
Exclaims, alone denotes the truly sage.

Lo, kneeling to his gods, the bold Maroon
Strange rites performs beneath the midnight moon ;
And, sighing for his Home and native land,
Asks the deep vengeance broken vows demand.
Once sprung the warrior at the break of morn,
And roused his brothers with the vocal horn.
Exulting in his might, he climbed the steep,
Sent his keen glance along the vapoury deep,
And marked its billows ebbing fast away,
Hills, woods, and lawns emerging into day.

Then, while rejoiced the rising sun he sees,
His fires still tempered by the freshening breeze,
He eyes with honest scorn the sun-burnt plains,
Where groans the slave, the fearful despot reigns;
Turns proud of heart to his beloved abode,
And Independence hails, the mountain god.
His looks now to the distant ocean stray,
Where white sails gleam along the watery way,
'Ah, wretched men!' he cries, 'Still doom'd to roam,
Nor know, like me, the happiness of Home.'
At eve, victorious o'er the boar, he turns,
Where in his hut, the cheerful night-blaze burns;
The feast divides, with simple pleasures blest,
And, midst his children, sinks to fearless rest.

He rests no more! The dread decree is given;—
'Far from his country let the wretch be driven.'

In vain thy manly virtues, Walpole, strove,
Congenial thoughts, in timid breasts, to move.
The shivering Exile, now his fate deplores
On Preston's* bleak inhospitable shores,
A land of storms and winter: now again,
Snatched by late pity o'er th' Atlantic main,
Hopeless, he disembarks on Afric's coast,
His Home and all its joys to mourn for ever lost.

Oft by neglect impelled, or falsehood driven,
Worth, genius, pine beneath an hostile heaven;
Their country stretches forth no friendly hand,
But bids them wander in a foreign land;
Amidst unpitying strangers toil and weep,
Or swell th' unnumbered victims of the deep.

* In Nova Scotia.

Such fate was Thine,* whose softly-plaintive strain
Threw splendour o'er the tempest-darkened main,
Bade the pale forms of grief and terror please,
And harmonised the discord of the seas.
The song was poured in vain. No dolphin bore
The new Arion, sinking, to the shore.

Along the azure seas that India lave,
Hushed every blast, and calmed each ruder wave,
Behold th' exulting vessel wing her way,
Her sails proud-swelling to the tropic day.
Bright, while her course consenting west winds guide,
She moves the empress of the sparkling tide.

* FALCONER, the author of the Shipwreck. He assumes in that poem the name of Arion, an ancient poet, by whose song, it is fabled, a dolphin was so charmed, that, when he was thrown into the sea, it received and carried him to the shore.

Joy fills each bosom; Hope assumes her stand
High on the deck, and points th' expected land;
Spreads the fresh green of Coromandel's shades,
And paints the radiant forms of Cashmere's maids.

See, clouds of smoke aspire! Impatient springs
The ruddy flame, and waves his glittering wings,—
Feeble at first: but rising in his might,
More vast his limbs, his form more dazzling bright,
He scorns restraint, along the deck extends,
Glides through the cordage, the tall mast ascends,
Nor pauses, phrenzied, till one mighty blaze
His conquest to the trembling deep displays.

Then rose the cry of anguish;—then Despair
Shot with a yell of triumph through the air.

On vulture wings, behold the demon move,
Point to the waves below, the flames above,
Bid with tremendous accents hope depart,
And plunge his fangs in every shuddering heart.

Son of the Muse, in this disastrous hour
Can song avail, or Fancy's magic pow'er?
Relentless rush the hurrying flames along,
Blind to the charms of Fancy, deaf to song.
Already see, with lucid pinions spread,
The bright Destruction flutters o'er his head.
No pause is left for thought, no path to save,
Resolved he springs amidst th' inviting wave;
With faint instinctive struggle yields his breath,
Soothed, dying, thus to shun a direr death.

Return, my thoughts, return from scenes of pain,
Which scorn redress, where sympathy is vain;
Return; your range let Home-sprung pleasures bound,
And all this fair creation spread around.
How pleasing at this hour, so sweetly still,
Careless to wander o'er the unpathed hill!
The sun, now low, has bid the vales farewell,
But pours a blaze o'er each aërial swell;
More proudly rise in light the summits green,
As deeper shadows hide the glens between.
The splendour shrinks apace: On yonder height,
See,—now 'tis gone,—the last red line of light.
Still glows the west; but o'er the pale-blue sky,
Star after star, soft-glittering, meets the eye.
First of their train, with tresses dropping dew,
Bright-bosomed Venus sparkles on our view:

So beauteous rose the goddess from the flood,
While on her locks th' aquatic diamonds stood,
Or down her rosy cheeks each other prest,
Or paused, delighted, on her snow-white breast.—
And now the brightening firmament,—where swells
That piny hill,—th' approaching moonlight tells:
Slow o'er its head, ascends a vapour bright,
And crowns it with a diadem of light.
Broadening the glory rises, till on high
The moon appears, and claims her subject sky;
She leaves each cloud behind, throws full her rays,
Lights up all nature with her temperate blaze;
And while around us woods and waters play,
Soothes, more than soothes us, for departed day.

Then converse doubly charms, when all conspires
To please,—soft scenes, mild hopes, and calm desires.

Then music breathes: The voice, the skilful hand,
Thy warblings then awake, dear native land;
Most sweet, most plaintive! Erin, as they flow,
Lends, emulous, her melodies of woe.
Mirth and her laughing train in turn succeed,
That stain no cheek, and bid no bosom bleed:
Till slumber beckoning, bids our revels cease,
And day is closed, as it began, in peace.

Oh wretched, who, for voluntary pains,
Reject what virtue loves, nor taste disdains!
Will you, unchanging, to contention give
The short and clouded hour you claim to live!
Must Time for you in infancy remain,
And grey Experience poin your path in vain?
Perhaps the years, that now in darkness roll,
At last may dawn; to man's benighted soul,

Disclose th' abodes of happiness; and shew,
In guilt's close shades, the lurking forms of woe.
Science o'er earth her treasures may diffuse,
And taste and fancy sprinkle softening dews.
Man, fashioned to a better life, may find
That bliss consists in blessing human kind.
Where the brown Savage triumphs to survey
The anguished writhings of his captive prey,
Delights to rouse a pang unfelt before,
And drinks from breasts convulsed the welling gore;
Even he may join to aid the glorious plan,
Throw off the fiend, and brighten into man;
Strangers unarmed among his fields may rove,
And hear no sounds, but harmony and love;
See welcome's blaze still kindling where they roam,
And every door disclose an hospitable Home.

Does reason deem these expectations vain,—
The light and worthless coinage of the brain?
As well to chace the ills that earth deform,
Controul the whirlwind, and chastise the storm,
May man pretend, as hope, the power to find
Of opening ceaseless sunshine on the mind,
Of binding base desires in Reason's chain,
Or calming the rough waves of Passion's main?
Ah, yet, even so, yet better hopes arise,
That scorn the earth, and ask their kindred skies;
Hopes, that upon a firmer basis rest,
Than the weak counsels of the human breast.
When Man shall quit his frail abode of clay,
Earth shrink with heat, and Sun and Moon decay;
When Ruin, grasping stern the starry frame,
Shall plunge them in th' abyss from which they came

The SIRE of BEING, with paternal care,
Shall, for his Chosen, fit retreats prepare.—
From Earth; from those bright Worlds, whose myriads roll,
In fair disorder, o'er the nightly pole;
From Stars remoter, whose unwearied light
Has striven in vain to dawn on mortal sight;
From Planets, which their tremulous orbits trace
On the dim boundary of formless space;—
The Heirs of bliss, from every stain refin'd,
Their sorrows and their frailties left behind,
Shall at HIS voice, that calls to glory, come;
Enter the gates of day, and find in HEAVEN their HOME.

THE

TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

Subdued by misfortunes, and bowed down with pain,
I sought on the bosom of peace to recline:
I hied to the Home of my Fathers again,
But the Home of my Fathers no longer was mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome, was gone;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no more:
A stranger was there, with a bosom of stone,
And cold was his eye as I entered his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn;
But I staid not his scorn,—from his mansion I fled,
And my beating heart vowed never more to return.

When Home shall receive me! One Home yet I know,
O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine-branches wave,
'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers. The world is my foe,
And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! The grey moistened walls,
Declining to earth, speak, emphatic, decay:
The gate, off its hinge, and half-opening, calls,
'Approach, most unhappy, thy dwelling of clay.'

Alas, thou sole dwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augured my breast!
From a Wanderer accept, oh my Fathers, this tear,
Receive him, the last of his race, to your rest.

VICTORY.



Men of Scotland, once, once more,—
Who shall glory's path decline?
Soon the contest shall be o'er:
Charge, and break that iron Line.

They bend; behold their hurrying pace!
Sun of evening, pour thy flame,
Aid us in the bloody chace,
Light our triumph, light their shame.

Jaffa's victors! Uri's lords!
Let fresh bays your temples wreathe.
Take our homage,—flashing swords;
Lo, our tribute,—wounds and death.

Fast dissolve Benevis'* snows,
When the fires of June they feel:
Faster fall our stubborn foes,
Smit by Scotland's burning steel.

God of Battles! thou art just.
They who made Helvetia groan,
Writhing in the purpled dust,
Now with blood for blood atone.

* The highest mountain in Scotland.

Ha! that Band, whose broken ranks
Slaughter's dreadful torrent swell!—
They on Nile's polluted banks
Wrought the darkest deeds of hell.

Vainly Pity raised her voice;
Hoary age in vain implor'd;
Dear to them Destruction's joys,
Prized the unrelenting sword.

From the shrieking mother's breast,
They her smiling infant tore:
They, as, frantic, on she prest,
Laughing, dashed her with its gore.

Not unseen by Heaven's eye!
Vengeance stern, with bitter smile,
Tracked their steps from Egypt's sky,
To the shores of Britain's isle.

Onward! impious 'twere to spare;
Slaughter, take thy bloodiest range;
Hark, their death-groans fill the air,
Sweetest music to revenge!

Every wound our swords impress,
Weakens France's tyrant sway.
This field foretels more bright success;
The crimson dawn brings on the day.

L

TO THE

EVENING STAR.

Hail, loveliest of the stars of Heaven,
Whose soft, yet brilliant beams display
The mildness of advancing Even,
The splendour of retiring Day!

Star of delight! the rosy Sky
Sheds tears of joy for thy return;
Around thy car the Breezes sigh,
Nymphs of thy train, the Planets burn.

All earth is gladdened by thy rays;
And every flower, and shrub, and tree,
Boasts fresher bloom, and grateful pays
A tribute of perfume to thee.

Day for thy partial smile contends;
Night boasts for her thy glories shine;
Before thee tranquil Pleasure bends,
And Beauty whispers, 'Thou art mine.'

Yes, thou art Beauty's friend and guide,
Conducted by thy beams so sweet,
She wanders forth at even-tide,
The Chosen of her heart to meet.

All grace she moves,—with steps as light
As Rapture's bliss or Fancy's dream;—
More soft her thoughts than dews of night,
More pure than that unwaving stream.

Thy beams disclose the haunt of love,
Conspicuous 'mid the twilight scene;
For Spring its leafy texture wove,
And wedded roses to its green.

Fair Wanderer of the sunset hour,
Approaching to the ruddy west,
Where fairy forms prepare thy bow'r,
With blooms from heavenly gardens drest,—

Behold the light that fills her eye,
The flushes o'er her cheeks that move:
Can earth a sight more sweet supply,
Than Loveliness improved by Love?

'Yes, far more sweet!' Methinks the while
I hear thy accents whisper low;
'Tis Beauty with her angel smile
'Inclining o'er the couch of Woe.'

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Dear to my soul! Oh, early lost!
Affection's arm was weak to save;
And Friendship's pride, and Virtue's boast,
Have sunk to an untimely grave.

Closed, ever closed, those speaking eyes,
Whence sweetness beamed, where candour shone;
And silent that heart-thrilling voice,
Which Music loved, and called her own.

That gentle bosom now is cold,
Where feelings' vestal splendours glow'd;
And, crumbling down to common mold,
That heart where truth and love abode.

Yet I behold the smile unfeigned,
Which doubt dispelled and kindness won;
Yet the soft diffidence, that gained
The triumph it appeared to shun.

Delusion all—Forbear, my heart,
These unavailing throbs restrain;
Destruction has performed his part,
And Death proclaims, 'Thy pangs are vain.'

Vain though they be, this heart must swell
With grief that time shall ne'er efface
And still, with bitter pleasure, dwell
On every virtue, every grace.

For ever lost!—I vainly deemed
That heaven my early friend would spare;
And, darker as the prospect seemed,
The more I struggled with despair.

I said,—yet a presaging tear
Unbidden rose, and spoke more true—
She still shall live: Th' unfolding year
Shall banish pain, and health renew.

She yet shall tread the flowery field,
And catch the opening rose's breath;
To watchful Love disease shall yield,
And friendship ward the shaft of death.

Alas! before the violet bloomed,
Before the snows of winter fled,
Fate the last lingering hope consumed,
And she was numbered with the dead.

She died--deserving to be mourned,
While parted worth a pang can give;
She died,--by heaven's best gifts adorned,
While folly, falsehood, baseness live.

Long in their vileness live secure
The worthless weed and wounding thorn;
While, snatched by violence ere mature,
The lily from her stem is torn.

Flower worthy heaven! And heaven alone,
Thee, good and pure, deserved to share,—
On earth a stranger, only shewn
To teach what angel-natures are.

Yet, who shall blame the heart that feels
When heaven resumes the good it gave?
Yet who shall scorn the tear that steals
From Friendship's eye at Virtue's grave?

Friend, parent, sister,—tenderest names,—
May I, as pale at memory's shrine,
Yet pour the tribute anguish claims,
Approach, unblamed, and mingle mine?

Long, on the joys of vanished years,
The glance of sadness shall be cast,
Long, long th' emphatic speech of tears,
Shall mourn their bloom for ever past.

And Thou, who from the orient day
Return'st, with hope's gay dreams elate,
Falsely secure, and vainly gay,
Inconscious of the stroke of fate.

What waits thee?—Not th' approving smile
Of faithful love, that chases care,
Not the fond glance o'erpaying toil,
But cold and comfortless Despair.

Despair! I see the phantom rove
By Cart's green banks, no longer bright,
And fiercely grasp the torch of love,
And plunge it in sepulchral night.

Farewell, sweet maiden! To thy tomb
My soul in sadness oft shall stray,—
More dear to me its hallowed gloom,
Than life's broad glare, or fortune's day.

And oft, as fancy points thy bier,
And mournful eyes thy lowly bed,
The secret sigh shall rise,—the tear
That shuns observance, shall be shed.

Nor shall the thought of Thee depart,
Nor shall my soul regret resign,
Till Memory perish,—till this heart
Be cold and motionless as thine.

SONG.

Ye woods, that late so fresh were seen,
Thick-clustering over Calder's wave,
Ah, where is now your youthful green,
And where the softened shades ye gave.

Retiring suns and breezes keen,'
Methinks your plaintive whispers say,
' Have robbed us of our youthful green,
And taught our faithless leaves to stray.'

The fate is mine that ye deplore;
My pleasures lose their transient bloom;
My sun, far distant, shines no more;
The winter of my joys is come.

As fade your leaves before the blast,
My hopes, so verdant once, decay;
As fall your faded leaves, so fast
These hopes delusive drop away.

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